

THE LONDON LITERARY GAZETTE, AND Journal of Belles Lettres, Arts, Sciences, &c.

The Journal is supplied Weekly, or Monthly, by the principal Booksellers and Newsmen throughout the Kingdom; but to those whomay desire its immediate communication, by post, we have recommended the LITERARY GAZETTE, printed on stamped paper, price One Shilling.

No. 245.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1821.

PRICE 8d.

Review of New Books.

RUSSIAN LITERATURE:—BOWRING'S ANTHOLOGY.

Specimens of the Russian Poets: translated by John Bowring, F.L.S. With Preliminary Remarks and Biographical Notices. London, 1821. 12mo. pp. 239.

THAT this is a second edition is the author's due, and, we must confess, our reproach; for he has rendered so pleasing and valuable a service to literature by his publication, that it ought not to have lain so long uncommended by the *Literary Gazette*. Of Russian letters very little is known in this country, and, even allowing them to be of new and modern growth, far less than a proper attention to the rising genius of a great people would justly require. Except a few scattered fragments in biographical dictionaries, and an occasional paper in periodical works, the English scholar has had no opportunity of learning that such a being as a Russian author existed; and probably nine-tenths of the British public never dreamed of the possibility of such a fact. It is therefore a most fortunate thing, that a man of Mr. Bowring's talents should have undertaken to introduce the bards of that nation to our acquaintance; and we congratulate him on the manner in which he has acquitted himself of a task, curious from its novelty, agreeable from its subject, and gratifying from its style and execution.

The progress of literature, hitherto very slow in Russia, appears to receive a happy impulse under a government which is growing milder, and advancing with gigantic strides in the career of civilization. The first ages furnish only obscure annals. It was not till the last century that Procopovitz, archbishop of Novogorod, inspired by his example a taste for the Sciences, and encouraged the Literati and Literature. Russia has a history of his writing: in this career he was succeeded by Riscop, and Prince Scherebotof. Except, however, the Travels of the celebrated Pallas, the Historical Researches of Müller, and a few other works on Natural History, no remarkable literary production distinguished Russia in the reign of Catherine II. The poet Lomonosof,* it is true, successfully cultivated several branches of literature during this period; but hitherto Russia has reserved her admiration and enthusiasm for Sumarokof, who is called by his countrymen the "Russian Shakspeare."†

* Or, "Broken Nose," styled by Mr. Bowring "the Father of Russian Poetry."—Introduction, p. ix.

† This poet (of whom Mr. B. speaks in less

But, to apply to our author. In his advertisement, he says "it must not be forgotten that this (volume) is a representation of nothing but the unformed and infant poetical literature of Russia. That literature had its birth but yesterday, and certainly its present strength and beauty give fair hope for to-morrow. In it are elements of improvement, and buds and blossoms of future expectation. They are scattered over 'half a world,' and in due time will ripen, to encourage, to console, and to stimulate myriads and millions. It will then be an interesting task, to compare the maturer charms of Slavonic song with these its earliest gems."

These gems are selected from the productions of Derzhavin, Batiushkov, Lomonosov, Zhukovsky, Karamsin, Dmitriev, Krilov, Khemnitz, Bobrov, Bogdanovich, Davidov, Kostrov, Neledinsky Meletzky, and others; and, however our readers may smile at their uncouth appellations, they are the Scotts, Byrons, Moores, Campbells, and Wordsworths of the north:

What is there in a name?

A rose by any other name would smell as sweet.

After speaking very modestly of his own versions, Mr. Bowring, in his Introduction, makes the following intelligent remarks on the peculiarities of the Russian language:—

"The mother-tongue, of nearly forty millions of human beings, and which in the course of thirteen centuries has undergone

favourable terms than we have been accustomed to hear applied to him) died about 40 years ago: he was protected by Count Schowalof, the worthy Meccenas, to whom Laharpe addressed his beautiful verses on descriptive poetry. His admiration of the French theatre, and, above all, of Racine, led him to pursue the dramatic career. His first tragedy, "Koref," introduced purity of taste and classic rules, instead of the extravagance imitated from certain foreign theatres; and the author, protected by the Empress, who gave him a pension of 1,800 rubles, produced successively, "Hamlet," the "False Demetrius," "Zelmire," and other tragedies; besides the comedies of "the Tutor," "the Impostor," "the Miser," and some operas, which were set to music by French and Italian composers. Sumarokof is spoken of as the most irascible poet that ever existed. Loaded with honours and dignities, endowed with extraordinary talents, he had all the defects which can accompany genius. He had too much of the irritability natural to poets to be happy. He has been known to beat his critics, to leave the best company on the slightest observation on his works, and shut himself up for a month in a pet, if the public did not applaud his pieces in the most extravagant manner. The excessive flattery bestowed upon him added to his natural pride, and gave him the most exaggerated opinion of his own superiority. Mr. Bowring notices his contemptible jealousy of Lomonosof.—Ed.

no radical change, is indeed entitled to some attention. All Russian grammarians claim for it an antiquity at least equal to that of the city of Novogorod. The oldest written documents that exist are two treaties with the Greek emperors, made by Oleg, A.D. 912, and Igor, A.D. 943. Christianity, introduced into Russia at the beginning of the eleventh century by Vladimir the Great, brought with it many words of Greek origin. The Tartars added considerably to the vocabulary during the two centuries of their domination. The intercourse which Peter the Great established with foreign nations increased it still more; and of late years a great number of words have been amalgamated with it from the French, German, and English. It is now one of the richest, if not the richest, of all the European languages, and contains a multitude of words which can only be expressed by compounds and redundant definitions in any northern tongues. Schläzer calculates, that of the five hundred roots on which the modern Russ is raised, three-fourths of the number are derived from Greek, Latin, and German. Many are of Sans-crit origin, of which Adelung published a list in 1811.*

"Printing was introduced into Russia about the middle of the sixteenth century. The oldest printed book which has been discovered is a Slavonic Psalter, bearing the date Kiev, 1531; two years after, a press was established in Moscow. The Slavonic alphabet, said to have been introduced by Cyrillus in the ninth century, consists of forty-two letters. The modern Russ has only thirty-five."

Having gone through this much of preface, we shall now present our readers with some examples of the mode in which the author has overcome the difficulties in his way, and rendered the writers of this language into English. He commences with Derzhavin's poem, intitled "God," (Oda Bog). Respecting which, it is stated in a note, "This is the poem of which Golovnin says in his narrative, that it has been rendered into Japanese, by order of the emperor, and is hung up, embroidered with gold, in the Temple of Jeddo. I learn from the periodicals, that an honour something similar has been done in China to the same poem. It has been translated into the Chinese and Tartar languages, written on a piece of rich silk, and suspended in the imperial palace at Pekin."

Be this as it may, it is a high praise to this poet that he aspires to the glory of making known to his country the sublime beauties of Scripture, translated in the lan-

* "Rapports entre les Langues Russe et Sans-crite."

guage of poetry: an undertaking the more difficult, as these beauties are as inherent in the manners and language of the Hebrews as in the ideas expressed,—a consideration more easy to admire than to transfuse into a foreign language. It is only by modifications dictated by taste, and necessary to soften the exaggeration of ordinary images, among people whose language is still uncultivated, that the beauties of the sacred books can be appropriated, and it is to be hoped, that Russia will not be disappointed in this consummation which she so impatiently expects from the pen of Derzhavin.

From the specimens of his writing by Mr. Bowring, we shall transcribe only two passages which occur in a piece called *The Waterfall*.

"Lo! like a glorious pile of diamonds bright,
Built on the steadfast cliffs, the waterfall
Pours forth its gems of pearl and silver light:
They sink, they rise, and sparkling cover all
With infinite refulgence; while its song,
Sublime as thunder, rolls the woods along—

"Rolls through the woods—they send its accents back,

Whose last vibration in the desert dies:
Its radiance glances o'er the watery track,
Till the soft wave, as wrapt in slumber, lies
Beneath the forest-shade; then sweetly flows
A milky stream, all silent, as it goes.

"Its foam is scattered on the margin bound,
Skirting the darksome grove."—

"O glory! glory! mighty one on earth!
How justly imaged in this waterfall!
So wild and furious in thy sparkling birth,
Dashing thy torrents down, and dazzling all,
While hurrying thus sublimely from thy height,
Majestic, thundering, beautiful and bright.

"How many a wondering eye is turned to thee,
In admiration lost;—short-sighted men!
Thy furious wave gives no fertility;
Thy waters, rolling fiercely through the plain,
Bring nought but devastation and distress,
And leave the flowery vale a wilderness.

"O fairer, lovelier is the modest rill,
Watering with steps serene the field, the grove;
Its gentle voice as sweet and soft and still
As shepherd's pipe, or song of youthful love.
It has no thundering torrent, but it flows
Unwearied, scattering blessings as it goes."

The next bard is Batiushkov, whose lines "*To my Penates*" are given entire; but we find it unapt for citation, and content ourselves with a note on the mention of "*Phædrus and Pilpay*," which occurs towards the conclusion:—

"The wise man, who according to the oriental story (current also in Russia) received *Truth* when she had been inhospitably driven from place to place. In Russia I have heard the fable thus:—A *Vakir* in his ramble trod where the ground re-echoed his footsteps—'It must be hollow here,' thought he; 'I will dig, and I shall find a treasure.' He dug, and discovered a spring, from whence a beautiful and naked female sprang forth—'Who art thou, loveliest daughter of heaven?' said he. 'My name,' she replied, 'is *Truth*; lend me thy mantle.' This he refused to do; and she hastened to the city, where the poets found fault with her figure, the courtiers with her manners, the merchants with her simplicity. She wandered

about, and none would give her an asylum, till she fell in with a poor man, the court news-writer, who thought she might be a very useful auxiliary; but she blotted out whatever he composed, so that no news was published for many days; and the sultan sending for his newsman to inquire the cause of his silence, was told the history of the intrusive guest, who was in consequence summoned to court. Here, however, she was so troublesome, turning every thing upside down, that it was determined to convey her away; and the sultan ordered her to be buried alive in his garden. His commands were obeyed by his courtiers; but *Truth*, who always springs up with renewed vigour in the open air, rose from her grave; and, after wandering about for some time, found the door of the public library open, went in, and amused herself by burning all the books that were there, with the exception of two or three. Again straying forth in search of an abode, she met a venerable man, to whom she told her story—and this was *Pilpay*. He received her to his house with a cordial welcome, and requested her company to his museum of stuffed beasts, birds, and insects. 'Thou hast no discretion,' said he; 'in the world thou art constantly getting into scrapes: now take the counsel of an old man, make this cabinet thy abode; here thou hast a large choice of society, and here dwell.' She found the advice so reasonable that she adopted it; since when her voice is only heard in the language of fable, and her chosen interpreters are the animal creation."

It is observable, that the great mass of these poems are serious, if not enthusiastically religious; and our extracts would be nearly of the same nature, did we not rather seek to diversify our Review than to select the finest compositions. For this reason we shall pass at once to *Zhukovsky*, and give a taste of his lighter muse, in preference to a continuation of graver poetry.

"Romance.

Gather'd yon dark forest o'er
Lo! the gloomy clouds are spread;
Bending toward the desert shore,
See the melancholy maid;

Her eyes and her bosom are wet with tears;
All heaven is black, and the storm appears;
And the wild winds lift the billows high,
And her breast is heaving with many a sigh.

"O my very soul is faded,
Joy and sympathy are fled;
Nature is in darkness shaded,
Love and friendship both are dead.

The hope that brightened my days is gone!
O whither, my angel! art thou flown?
Too blest was I, too wild with bliss,
For I lived and loved, and loved for this!

"Swell then, burning tears! the deep,
Flow, with vnder billows blow:
And ye lonely forests! weep,
Meet companions of my woe.

My days of pleasure, though short and few,
Are fled for ever—O earth! adieu!
He sleeps—will death restore him? Never!
For the joy that's lost is lost for ever.

"Nature's sad and wintry day
Is of momentary gloom:
Soon in Spring's reviving ray
All her loveliness shall bloom.

But joy has never a second spring:
And time no ray of light can bring
But from tearful eyes:—there's no relief
From dark despair's corroding grief!"

The following is a pleasing taste of *Karamsin*, who is a favourite with us:—

"The Church-Yard.

FIRST VOICE.

How frightful the grave! how deserted and drear!
[of the bier,
With the howls of the storm-wind—the creaks
And the white bones all clattering together!

SECOND VOICE.

How peaceful the grave! its quiet how deep!
Its zephyrs breathe calmly, and soft is its sleep,
And 'dew'rets perfume it with ether.

FIRST VOICE.

There riots the blood-crested worm on the dead,
And the yellow scull serves the foul toad for a bed,
And snakes in its nettle-weeds hiss,

SECOND VOICE.

How lovely, how lone the repose of the tomb!
No tempests are there:—but the nightingales come
And sing their sweet chorus of bliss.

FIRST VOICE.

The ravens of night flap their wings o'er the grave:—
[cave,
'Tis the vulture's abode:—'tis the wolf's dreary
Where they tear up the earth with their fangs.

SECOND VOICE.

There the coney at evening disports with his love,
Or rests on the sod;—while the turtles above,
Repose on the bough that o'erhangs.

FIRST VOICE.

There darkness and dampness with poisonous breath,
And loathsome decay fill the dwelling of death,
The trees are all barren and bare!

SECOND VOICE.

O soft are the breezes that play round the tomb,
And sweet with the violet's wafted perfume,
With lilies and jessamine fair.

FIRST VOICE.

The pilgrim who reaches this valley of tears,
Would fain hurry by, and with trembling and fears,
He is launch'd on the wreck-covered river!

SECOND VOICE.

The traveller outworn with life's pilgrimage dreary,
Lays down his rude staff, like one that is weary,
And sweetly reposes for ever."

Dmitriev, in allusion to whose affinity to *Phædrus* and *Pilpay* the note copied above is appended, supplies us with several fables and allegories. The stories of some are better, but the annexed possess most originality.

"Love and Friendship.

Fair sister!

"Infant brother dear!

On the wing, on the wing?"

Wandering the wide world over
In search of a lover—there is no lover:
Lost as if the plague had been there!

'I've been seeking a friend!—there's none below,

The world must soon to ruin go!
Written in sand are the oaths now spoken,
'Tis all lip-service, and promise broken;
My name is a cloak for thirst of gain!"

And mine for passion impure, profane!"

"The Swan, the Pike, and the Crab."

If harmony be wanting to your plans,
Vain are your efforts, your's, or any man's;
They end in disappointment all alike.

I once observed a Swan, a Crab, a Pike,
Drawing a treasure; all their power, their will
Exerted, yet it stood unmoved and still.
'Tis not its weight, its weight was very little;
Three powers at work, it budges not a tittle:
The Swan would fain soar upwards in its pride,
The Crab draws back, the Pike to the water
side.

Who of the three was wrong? and who was
right?
It might be all—it might be none—it might!"

From Bobrov are translated, among other
pieces, several hymns of the Greek church:
they are not unlike some of our own pro-
ductions in dissenting places of worship.—
Ex. gr.

"Khe Kheruvimij, or Song of Cherubim."

The Hymn chanted in the Russian Churches during the
Procession of the Cup.

See the glorious cherubim
Thronging round the Eternal's throne;
Hark! they sing their holy hymn to:
To the unknown Three in One.
'All-supporting Deity—
'Living spirit—praise to Thee!"

Rest, ye worldly tumults, rest!
Here let all be peace and joy:
Grief no more shall rend our breast,
Tears no more shall dew our eye.

Heaven-directed spirits rise
To the Temple of the skies!
Join the ranks of angels bright,
Near th' Eternal's dazzling light.

Khalim Boga*."

But much as we approve of Mr. Bowring's
labours, we must now bid them farewell.
They have been so favourably received as
not to need our good report; but still it
may promote their merited encouragement,
and therewith a very pleasing acquaintance
with a charming department of Russian
literature. That we may further enforce
this, we copy one other pretty little poem
from the anonymous pieces, intitled National
Songs.

"Upon that brow, so soft, so fair,
Why sit those frowns?—O why should I
Plant bitter flowers of anger there?
O tell me, more than angel, why?"

I have been wretched—did I e'er
Trouble thy peace with my distress?
Did I invite thee, say, to hear
The story of my wretchedness?

O no! I sigh'd midst rocks and groves,
That thou might'st never know I sigh'd:
I wept where stillest water roves:—
The tear but swell'd the silent tide.

Forget me—for my love shall be
Enough for both:—undying, bright—
Winged for an immortality,
And filling all the tomb with light."

As a thing of curiosity, some of our
readers may like to see Russian verse in its
native shape: to gratify them we insert four
lines from Derzhavin.

* "Hallelujah."

"Stónet slsoi gólu bóchik
Stónet ón i dén' i nóch';
'Ego mîlen' kóï družéchik,
Otletoi dáleko próch'."

Before closing, we may remark, that even
since Mr. B. collected his materials, the
literature of Russia has made considerable
progress. At the present moment, the
theatre (for instance) boasts of a number of
new pieces, particularly historical comedies,
a species of drama introduced in France by
M. Duval; but the theatre of Racine is
always the favourite of good company.
Molière and Reynard are there performed
in their original language. Some of their
comedies, however, are translated into Rus-
sian: of this number is "The Miser," which
will for ever be in fashion, as the chief char-
acter belongs to all ages, and may be pro-
duced with the same success at the theatre
at Pekin as at that of Ghent.

A writer, of whom Russia may also be
proud at this time, is Count Orlov, counsel-
lor to his Majesty, to whom we are obliged
for a tour in the kingdom of Naples, written
in correct and elegant French. Oriental
literature too has been cultivated in Russia,
since that immense empire has extended itself
to Persia. Several young officers, who were
sent to the Caspian Sea, have made their
countrymen acquainted with the poet and
the philosopher Sadi. A translation of his
"Gulistan" has been published at St.
Petersburgh, with several other pieces
which are less known. In short, Russia is
advancing in letters and in science with a
rapid step, which her recent military, poli-
tical, and friendly intercourse with the
other nations of Europe will greatly acce-
lerate. These are grounds to add a value
to the volume which has led to our particu-
larization of them, and merely saying, that
the biographical and critical notes at its
end, though brief, are correct, and not un-
deserving of their author, Von Adelung,
we finally take our leave of Mr. Bowring's
work.

*An Exposition of the Relations of the British
Government with the Sultaun and State of
Palembang, &c. &c. &c. With descriptive Ac-
counts of Palembang and Banca. By Major
M. H. Court, late Resident, &c. London,
1821. 8vo. pp. 259.*

A second expedition by the Dutch govern-
ment at Java, sent against Palembang, in
May last, gives an increased interest to this
volume, which warmly espouses the cause
of the Sultaun of Palembang and Banca, in
opposition to the acts of those to whom we
ceded these territories in the year 1816.
The political history of this state, during the
late war, may be very briefly summed up.
The British conquered (together with all
the rest of the eastern islands under the
sway of European powers) the district of
Palembang, in Sumatra, and the dependant
isle of Banca. The reigning Sultaun mur-

dered the Dutch resident and his people; in
consequence of which atrocity he was de-
posed by the English when they took pos-
session, and his brother seated on the throne
to the exclusion of his sons. Some fighting
ensued, and the Ex-Sultaun was driven to a
distant post high up the river on which Pa-
lembang is situated. The death of Captain
Meares, however, an able officer who com-
manded our troops, left the ulterior nego-
ciations in the hands of another person,
who, it is stated, contrary to his instruc-
tions, restored the first Sultaun to his autho-
rity. This treaty was disavowed by the
government at Java, and another change of
dynasty, as originally settled, was carried
into effect. Thus matters remained till the
cession in 1816, when the Dutch replaced
the murderer of their countrymen and im-
prisoned his brother, whom we had appointed,
as it should appear out of jealousy of Bri-
tish influence. Major Court also points out
and reproves their misconduct in other
respects; accuses them of despotism and
rapacious views; and claims for our late
Malay allies so much of our interference as
to protect them from encroachments beyond
the spirit of existing treaties. These views,
it may be remembered, are in unison with
the line so vigorously taken by Sir T. S.
Raffles, and on the face of the author's
showing, it certainly does seem evident that
the government of the Netherlands is carry-
ing its system of oppression and inroad to
a greater extent than in honour we ought to
permit.

But the *Literary Gazette* is not the field
to enter upon this question, and we rather
turn to our proper course in making an ab-
stract of the information on pacific points,
with which Major C. has favoured us.

The kingdom of Palembang holds the
first rank among the natives states of Suma-
tra, and occupies the portion of that island
to the southward of the equator, which is
included between the latitudes of 2° and
4° 30'. It is bounded on the N. and E.
by the straits of Banca, on the S. by the
Lampoon country, on the W. and S. W.
by mountains which separate it from our
settlement of Bencoolen, and on the N. W.
by the territories of the Sultaun of Jambou.
The principal river is the Moosee, on which
the town of Palembang stands. Up to
Palembang this river exhibits no signs of
population, though navigable for vessels of
the largest burthen; it swarms with alliga-
tors, which are very daring and voracious.
The following particulars are given by the
author:—"The pantjallangs, or river pas-
sage-boats, which are of various dimen-
sions according to the rank of the owners,
and which, being cut from the solid trunk
of a tree, are almost on a level with the
surface of the water, expose the men who
paddle them very much to the attacks of
these monsters of the river. Some of the
pantjallangs belonging to the Sultaun and
his family are no less than forty-two feet in
length and ten or twelve in the greatest
breadth, requiring twenty-four men to pad-
dle them, who are ranged on each side.
The trees from which these boats are formed
are cut in the forests near the mountains,

• "Deeply sighs the little wood-dove,
Deeply sighs he day and night;
His beloved heart-companion
Far away has wing'd her flight."

whence they are brought to Palembang with considerable labour."

"I have seen, on two occasions, alligators raise their heads out of the water near the side of the boat, in the attempt to take one of the paddlers out of this large description of pantjallang. The boatmen, having plenty of room to move away, escaped their grasp; which was checked also by the height of the side of the boat from the water, though in this large pantjallang the deck at the centre, upon which the paddlers sit cross-legged, did not exceed nine or ten inches above the surface of the water.—From the smaller description of pantjallangs no less than seventeen paddlers were carried away by alligators during the time I was at Palembang. Two gentlemen, coming up the river to visit me in one of the smaller boats, had provided themselves with a basket of provisions for their journey. On their way an alligator raised himself from the water; he paddlers shrieked and fortunately escaped, but the basket of provisions became the prey to his voracity."

Palembang stands on both banks of the Moosee, which is there about 1,200 feet in breadth. The Sultan's palace is a magnificent brick building; the other houses are chiefly of timber, and some of them built on rafts which rise and fall with the tide.

"Not more than three or four houses have any communication one with another, excepting by boats. This does not proceed from a necessity arising out of the nature of the country, so much as from the habit and inclination of the people to have ready access to the conveniences of the river. The principal inhabitants, who have their houses generally built upon the banks of the river, have piers constructed to the distance of low-water-mark, in order that they may at all times command uninterrupted communication with their boats.

"From one extreme to the other, the town may be estimated to extend at least three miles along each bank, and to contain a population of nearly twenty-five thousand souls, including about one thousand Arabs and Chinese."

The trade is considerable; tin from Banca and gold dust are the principal exports. The description of the inhabitants offers no new features that could interest our readers, and the only notice worth an extract is the annexed.

"There is a description of wild people in the interior of the Palembang dominions who refuse all intercourse, and who are called Orang-Kubu. They are considered a very harmless and inoffensive people, and with them a trade is contrived to be carried on in the following manner. Cloths, tobacco, and other articles, of which they have need, are placed at certain spots near where they are known to live, and the owner of the goods, as a signal to them, beats a gong when he retires from the place. These people then come and take away the goods, leaving a very full equivalent in honey, wax, and other articles they collect in their wild retreats."

The Sultaun is despotic, and enjoys a

large revenue; Banca alone furnishing 150,000 dollars per annum.

This island is situated between the latitudes $1^{\circ} 30'$ and $3^{\circ} 8'$ south of the equator; its greatest length 135 miles, and its greatest breadth 68 miles. It runs parallel to the Sumatra coast, and the channel between them forms the straits of Banca. Many of its hills have conical summits, but there is no trace of Volcanic eruption. It is curious, however, that "on the morning of the 11th of April, 1815, a constant succession of sounds was heard at Minto," the chief town, "like reports of distant cannon. Thinking it possible they might be signals of distress from a ship in the straits, the government vessels then in the roads were directed to proceed down the straits in the direction whence the reports appeared to come. Captain O'Brien, in his majesty's frigate Doris, got under weigh at the same time.

"It is remarkable that the reports were not heard by any person on board the frigate or vessels in the roads, nor at any time whilst they were at sea. A Swedish ship arrived from the southward the next day, from which no tidings could be obtained in explanation, as no person on board had heard or seen any thing extraordinary on their passage up the straits.

"Expresses were received from the inspectors of every district, conveying their apprehensions of attack from pirates, each observing that heavy firing of cannon had been heard, which they supposed to be near. It struck me that one of the hills in Banca must have exploded; but the sounds were afterwards proved to have proceeded from the explosion of a hill on the island of Sumbawa, to the eastward of Java, a distance not less than seven hundred miles, and still farther from Palembang, over which country also the sounds were distinctly heard."

The population of Banca consists of above 13,000 souls, including Chinese who work the tin mines, Malayese, and Orang Goonoong, or native people. These tin mines are very numerous, and on the whole the island is valuable for timber and other products. Its natural history is very scanty.

"With the exception of deer and wild hogs, of which there are very few, no animals are found on Banca. Tigers, which are common at Palembang, and which there frequently visit the skirts of the town, are here unknown. Insects abound, and also snakes, of which some, of a small kind, are venomous. Those of very large size, which are numerous, are cut open by the Chinese, and the gall taken out, which they use as a medicine."

It would be tedious in us to follow Major Court through his topographical details, and as neither these nor the account of the piratical isle of Billiton afford matter of general interest, we shall not prolong this notice further than to recommend the book to all persons who are concerned in the political and commercial relations of our Eastern empire.

The Rise and Progress of the Gentleman's Magazine, with Anecdotes of the Projector, and his early Associates. By John Nichols, F. S. A., &c. London, 1821. 8vo. pp. 80.

A FEW copies of this little work, intended as a preface to the general index of the Gentleman's Magazine, from 1787 to 1818, have been printed separately, and privately distributed. One of these is now before us, and offers too many topics for our consideration, to admit of being passed over without some marks of attention.

Whether we look at the venerable age of the Gentleman's Magazine; at its character and consistency; at its intrinsic value as a repository of history, science, antiquities, biography, and literature; at its claims as the mirror of almost a century; or at perhaps its still higher claims, on account of the important influence it has had in the production of that periodical press, which now gives a tone to the age and operates so essentially in the destinies of mankind;—in whichever of these points of view we look at this work, it certainly presents much for reflection to the public in general, and to the Editors of any similar undertaking in particular. To us, indeed, it is a subject of peculiar gratification. We have always held a very favourable opinion of this publication, and have constantly admired the steady pace with which it pursued its useful and entertaining objects, like a fine veteran, who has fought the battles of other years, and adheres to his formal regimentals, accoutrements, and discipline, uninfected with the popinjay innovations in dress, arms, and manœuvring, which modern fashions introduce. We regard it too, as the respectable father of a long and numerous line of Letters, of great consequence to the world, and when we open its pages, taste the same sort of feeling, as if we were shaking hands with a respected old relative, from whose stores of experience and friendly chat we were sure to reap a pleasant hour's amusement. We are not sure that vanity has not some share in these kindly and complacent emotions: we perhaps indulge a thought, that our *Weekly Miscellany*, so strong in its youth, may equal, in longevity, its *Monthly* predecessor; and when its columns (not enfeebled, but strengthened by time) attain a like reverent age, that they may be contemplated by a multitude of successful compeers, as the patriarchal origin and source of all their beneficial efforts to diffuse knowledge, encourage worth and virtue, and augment the happiness of the human race. These, 'tis true, are proud aspirations, yet we cannot be insensible to the influence which even our humble endeavours exercise, and we are certain, that this additional mode of propagating a love of literature and science, must soon come to be cultivated more at large, with a striking effect upon the manners and interests of society.

A truce, however, to egotism. The author of this book, in his 76th year, thus states his purpose, independent of its prefatory character. "Not to enter too deeply

into the *arcana* of a Miscellaneous Publication, the very nature of which depends on a sort of Masonic secrecy, it may not be improper to introduce a few anecdotes, and to unfold some particulars, over which concealment is no longer needful. If I should in some instances he thought too minute, let it be attributed to the proper cause, the natural garrulity of age.

"This long-established Periodical Miscellany was commenced in January, 1731, by Edward Cave; who, by the admirable Memoir of Dr. Johnson, has been consigned to deserved celebrity."

This biography is so well known as to need no notice, and we shall only observe, in favour of the fair sex of our day, that it is probable, no young man would now meet, as poor Cave did, with two "insolent" and "perverse" mistresses in succession, to drive him from his employments, whether as clerk to a collector of Excise, or apprentice to a printer.

The first Number of the Gentleman's Magazine was published in January, 1731, at St. John's gate, and one of the reasons assigned for starting it was, to form a collection or Magazine of the essays, intelligence, &c. which appeared in the "200 half sheets per month," which the London press was then calculated to throw off, besides "written accounts," and, about as many more half sheets printed "elsewhere in the three kingdoms." Of the plan devised by Mr. Cave, Dr. Kippis says, "the invention of this new species of publication may be considered as something of an epocha in the literary history of this country. The periodical publications before that time were almost wholly confined to political transactions, and to foreign and domestic occurrences. But the magazines have opened a way for every kind of inquiry and information. The intelligence and discussion contained in them are very extensive and various; and they have been the means of diffusing a general habit of reading through the nation, which, in a certain degree, hath enlarged the public understanding. Many young authors, who have afterwards risen to considerable eminence in the literary world, have here made their first attempts in composition. Here, too, are preserved a multitude of curious and useful hints, observations, and facts, which otherwise might have never appeared; or, if they had appeared in a more evanescent form, would have incurred the danger of being lost. If it were not an invidious task, the history of them would be no inconsiderable or unentertaining subject. The magazines that unite utility with entertainment are undoubtedly preferable to those (*if there had been any such*) which have only a view to idle and frivolous amusement."

These remarks are very just, and merit the regard of most of our monthly brethren; of some of them, because they seem too often to think that mere badinage and droling are enough for this species of publication; of others, because they make their principal stand upon indifferent and wirey papers, written by persons of unstored minds; and of all, because the rare combi-

nation of utility and entertainment is frequently sacrificed to partiality, selfish views, personal provocations, and rapid nothings. To the credit of the Gentleman's Magazine it must be allowed that it invariably contains a portion of useful information, does adhere to the recognised characteristics of that class of compositions to which it belongs, and, without being (to our apprehension) so vigorous as it might be in its critical department, offers a fair and agreeable miscellany for popular suffrage.

But the most interesting part of the Preface is the account it gives of the early intercourse of Dr. Johnson and other eminent men with periodical literature. Many of the anecdotes are piquant, and may, we presume, from the integrity of the quarter whence they are derived, be considered authentic. Among other things, Mr. Nichols says, "the tenor of this narrative requires that the name of Dr. Johnson should be prominently brought forward, in his early correspondence with Cave; which led to an uninterrupted friendship, and ultimately to Johnson's permanent celebrity."

"Speaking to me in conversation of his own employment, on his first arrival in town, Dr. Johnson observed, that he applied, among others, to Mr. Wilcox, then a bookseller of some eminence in the Strand; who, after surveying Johnson's robust frame, with a significant look said, 'Young man, you had better buy a porter's knot!'—The great Moralist, far from being offended at the advice which had been given to him, added, 'Wilcox was one of my best friends.'—He added, that Cave was a generous paymaster; but, in bargaining for poetry, he contracted for lines by the hundred, and expected the long hundred."

"Sir John Hawkins, speaking of Johnson's Translations, says, 'Cave's acquiescence in the above proposal drew Johnson into a close intimacy with him. He was much at St. John's Gate; and taught Garrick the way thither.—Cave had no great relish for mirth, but he could bear it; and having been told by Johnson, that his friend had talents for the theatre, and was come to London with a view to the profession of an Actor, expressed a wish to see him in some comic character. Garrick readily complied, and, as Cave himself told me, with a little preparation of the room over the great arch of St. John's Gate, and with the assistance of a few journeymen printers, who were called together for the purpose of reading the other parts, represented, with all the graces of comic humour, the principal character in Fielding's farce of The Mock Doctor."

In the preface to the Vol. for 1740, we detect the Doctor's style. For example:—"Having now concluded our Tenth Volume, we are unwilling to send it out without a Preface, though none of the common topics of prefaces are now left us. To implore the candour of the public to a work so well received, would expose us to the imputation of affected modesty or insatiable avarice. To promise the continuance of that industry, which has hitherto so generally recommended us, is at least unnecessary; since

from that alone we can expect the continuance of our success. To criticise the imitations of our Magazine, would be to trample on the dead, to disturb the dying, or encounter the still-born. To recommend our undertaking by any encomiums of our own, would be to suppose mankind have hitherto approved it without knowing why. And to mention our errors or defects, would be to do for our rivals what they have never yet been able to do for themselves."

It is further stated, "a new æra in politics bringing on much warmer parliamentary debates, required 'the pen of a more nervous writer than he who had hitherto conducted them;' and 'Cave, dismissing Guthrie, committed the care of this part of his monthly publication to Johnson;' who had already given ample specimens of his ability. But the Lilliputian disguise was still continued, even beyond the period of Johnson's Debates; [which, as has been authenticated by his own Diary, began Nov. 19, 1740, and ended Feb. 23, 1742-3.] And these Debates, which, every competent judge must allow, exhibit a memorable specimen of the extent and promptitude of Johnson's faculties, and which have induced learned foreigners to compare British with Roman eloquence, were hastily sketched by Johnson while he was not yet 32, while he had little acquaintance with life, while he was struggling, not for distinction, but existence."

The truth of this assertion is corroborated by a singular story. In 1743, after the publication of the Life of Savage, which was anonymous, "Mr. Walter Harte, dining with Mr. Cave, at St. John's Gate, took occasion to speak very handsomely of the work. Cave told Harte, when they next met, that he had made a man very happy the other day at his house, by the encomiums he bestowed on the author of Savage's Life. 'How could that be?' Cave replied, 'You might observe I sent a plate of victuals behind the skreen. There skulked the biographer, one Johnson, whose dress was so shabby that he durst not make his appearance. He overheard our conversation; and your applauding his performance delighted him exceedingly.'"

These extracts will serve to show, that the present publication possesses curious attractions not to be expected from its title. We shall quote another instance. Mr. Boyse was a correspondent of the Gentleman's Magazine between 1741 and 1743. "When in a spunging-house in Grocers'-alley, in the Poultry, he wrote the following letter to Cave, which was communicated by the late Mr. Astle to the late Dr. Kippis.

"*Inscription for St. Lazarus' Cave.*"

"Hodie, teste celo nummo,
Sine panno, sine nummo,
Sorte positus infestè,
Scribo tibi dolens mœstè:
Fame, bile tumet jecur,
URBANE, mitte opem, precor
Tibi enim cor humanum
Non à malis alienum:
Mihî mens nec malè grata,
Pro à te favore data.

'Ex gehennâ debitoria,
vulgo domo spongiatoria.

ALCETUS.

"*Sir*,—I wrote you yesterday an account of my unhappy case. I am every moment threatened to be turned out here, because I have not money to pay for my bed two nights past, which is usually paid before-hand, and I am loth to go into the Compter, till I can see if my affair can possibly be made up; I hope, therefore, you will have the humanity to send me half a guinea for support, till I finish your papers in my hands.—The Ode to the British Nation I hope to have done to-day, and want a proof copy of that part of Stowe you design for the present Magazine, that it may be improved as far as possible from your assistance. Your papers are but ill transcribed. I agree with you respecting St. Augustine's Cave. I humbly entreat your answer, having not tasted any thing since Tuesday evening I came here; and my coat will be taken off my back for the charge of the bed, so that I must go into prison naked, which is too shocking for me to think of. I am, with sincere regard, Sir,

"Your unfortunate humble servant,
"S. BOYSE.

"*Crown Coffee-house, Grocer's-alley, Poultry,*
July 21, 1742.

"I send Mr. Van Haren's Ode on Britain.

"*To Mr. Cæcæ, at St. John's Gate, Clerkenwell.*"

"July 21, 1742. Received from Mr. Cæcæ the sum of half a guinea, by me, in confinement.
S. BOYSE."

"The greater number of the Poems which Boyse wrote for the Gentleman's Magazine, during the years above mentioned, are reprinted in Mr. Alexander Chalmers's late edition of the English Poets; but all his fugitive pieces were not written for the Magazine, some of them having been composed long before he had formed a connexion with Cæcæ, and, as there is reason to believe, were sent in manuscript to such persons as were likely to make him a pecuniary return. Mr. Boyse died in May, 1749."

We must now conclude, which we do with one other extract of literary interest, and with sincere respect for the patriarch of our craft, to whose deserts we are happy in having had an opportunity to offer our tribute. "I have, (says Mr. N.) mentioned, on the authority of Sir John Hawkins, that the price given by Mr. Robert Dodsley for 'London, Johnson's First Imitation of Juvenal, was fifty pounds. But Mr. Boswell says, 'the fact is, that, at a future conference, Dodsley bargained for the whole property of it, for which he gave Johnson *ten guineas*; who told me, 'I might, perhaps, have accepted of less; but that Paul Whitehead had a little before got ten guineas for a poem; and I did not like to be less than Whitehead.'—For 'The Vanity of Human Wishes,' his second Imitation of Juvenal, in 1749, with all the fame which he had acquired, it is certain that he received only *fifteen guineas*."

BIOGRAPHIA HIBERNICA.

[From Ryan's Worthies of Ireland, (see last Number.)]

"*Thomas Pleasants,*

"A name never to be forgotten in the annals of charity and benevolence; when time shall have drawn the curtain of obli-

tion, before the records of wit, learning, and talent, his name shall live in the breast of virtue, and cheer distant generations by monuments of utility.

"He was born in the county of Carlow, and died in Dublin, in the ninetieth year of his age, March 1st, 1818; was educated for the bar, but never practised. He possessed strong powers of mind, and great classical attainments, and profound knowledge of the laws of his country. Enjoying independent property in the shades of retirement, he considered how he might employ it usefully, encourage industry, and mitigate distress. But here it may be necessary to advert to the wretched state of the woollen weavers in the populous and manufacturing districts of the city, and Earl of Meath liberty adjoining. It has been calculated, that about twenty-two thousand persons supported themselves by this branch of trade, during those seasons of the year in which they could dry the wool warps and cloths in the open air; but in the winter, when rain, snow, or frost set in, they were thrown out of employ, and then suffered all the miseries of hunger, cold, and the usual disorders attending such privations. In consequence of such complicated miseries, the woollen weavers and the artisans concurred, in 1809, in presenting a memoir to their landlord the Earl of Meath, the Farming and Dublin Societies, the lord mayor, recorder, and court of aldermen, the representatives of the city and county, and other distinguished personages, praying them to take into consideration their distressed state; and to adopt some measures, whereby their warps, wool, and cloth, might be dried in the winter and wet weather. For this purpose, many meetings took place, and it was at length determined, that an application should be made to the Imperial Parliament, for about 3,500*l.* sterling, which they supposed might be sufficient for a building to answer the purposes prayed for. Accordingly, this affecting appeal was laid before the Dublin Society, 2nd of March, 1809, who admitted, that the importance of the subject demanded their protection and recommendation, but that they could not at present make an application to parliament on the subject, and finally postponed its consideration to a future day. It was then proposed to raise the sum by shares on transferrable debentures of ten pounds each. This proposal also failed, though it held out the probability of its proving productive of emolument to its humane and patriotic promoters. In short, nothing towards the relief of this complicated misery was effected, until Thomas Pleasants, before whose name, no most noble, or right honourable caught the admiring gaze, purchased these titles in perpetuity, from every being who bows at the shrine of virtue, from every heart that expands at the touch of feeling, humanity, or charity.

"He purchased a piece of ground, April, 1814, and proceeded to the erection of that useful and elegant fabric, the Stove Tenter House, at an expense of upwards of 14,000*l.* being four times the amount of the

sum solicited as a subscription amongst *wealthy individuals and patriotic societies!!!* This admirable fabric is two hundred and sixteen feet long, and twenty-two wide, it has three lofts, supported by iron pillars, with floors of the most ingenious construction; the admirable yet simple manner with which iron tenters, stoves, and other apparatus are combined, exhibits skill and strength that cannot be surpassed; it is likewise rendered fire proof. A few hours now effect, in perfection, what heretofore could not be attained in an imperfect manner in many days. In various parts of the building are appropriate mottoes cast on plates of iron, to attract the attention of the artisan employed, and impress on their minds the maxims of industry, sobriety, and morality. From September 29th, 1816, to December 24th, 1817, one thousand six hundred and eighty-three pieces of cloth, two thousand and ninety-six warps, and one thousand eight hundred and seventy-three stones of wool have been sized, dried, tented, and finished beneath the fostering influence of the Stove Tenter House. The Meath or County Hospital, situated in the same populous district, from want of sufficient funds, could not afford relief to the numbers who claimed it; and there being no operation room, the surgeons and patients were distressed by the necessity of performing all in the open wards. Mr. Pleasants could not contemplate, unmoved, such calls on humanity. and at one time he sent the sum of 6,000*l.*—4,000*l.* of it to build an operating room, &c.—and the interest of the residue to be applied for ever to purchase wine and other necessaries for the afflicted. He presented the Dublin Society with 100*l.* worth of valuable books; and, at the expense of near 700*l.* he erected the beautiful gates and lodges at their botanical garden, at Glasnevin, near the city. He printed and circulated, gratuitously, a large edition of a most rare and valuable work, 'Reflections and Resolutions,' by the Rev. Samuel Madden, D. D. Dublin, 1738, 8vo. It is impossible to enumerate the extent of his private charities—he seemed only to exist for the purposes of benevolence and liberality, and to diffuse comfort in the habitations of the wretched. By his will, after legacies to a surviving brother, to some other relations, his law agent, surgeon, apothecary, and domestics, he appoints three trustees, to whom he gives 100*l.* per annum each, for life, in consideration of their trouble; and, after their decease, the same sum to the senior curates of Peter's and St. Bride's parishes, who are to be trustees for ever. To these trustees he bequeaths his house and garden in Camden-street, and 15,000*l.* to found a school for protestant females, where as many as the funds will permit are to be lodged, dieted, clothed, and educated, so as to render them useful members of society, and the trustees are to be residuary legatees to all his remaining property for the funds of this school. To the schools and alms-houses of St. Bride's parish he bequeathed 6,000*l.* To the parishes of St. Luke and St. Catherine 1,000*l.* each, and the same sums to the

Feyer and Meath hospitals. His fine collection of paintings, by Rubens, Vandyke, Schalken, Rembrandt, &c. to the Dublin Society for the Encouragement of the Fine Arts in Ireland, that country he so much loved, and of which he was one of the brightest ornaments."

HUMBOLDT'S PERSONAL NARRATIVE.

Dirt Eaters.

"THE inhabitants of Uruana belong to those nations of the savannahs (*Indios andantes*), who, more difficult to civilize than the nations of the forest, (*Indios del monte*), have a decided aversion to cultivate the land, and live almost exclusively on hunting and fishing. They are men of a very robust constitution; but ugly, savage, vindictive, and passionately fond of fermented liquors. They are omnivorous animals in the highest degree; and therefore the other Indians, who consider them as barbarians, have a common saying, 'nothing is so disgusting that an Otomac will not eat it.' While the waters of the Oroonoko and its tributary streams are low, the Otomacs subsist on fish and turtles. The former they kill with surprising dexterity, by shooting them with an arrow, when they appear at the surface of the water. When the rivers swell, which in South America, as well as in Egypt and in Nubia, is erroneously attributed to the melting of the snows, and which occurs periodically in every part of the torrid zone, fishing almost entirely ceases. It is then as difficult to procure fish in the rivers which are become deeper, as when you are sailing on the open sea. It often fails the poor missionaries, on fast-days as well as flesh-days, though all the young Indians are under the obligation of 'fishing for the convent.' At the period of these inundations, which last two or three months, the Otomacs swallow a prodigious quantity of earth. We found heaps of balls in their huts, piled up in pyramids three or four feet high. These balls were five or six inches in diameter. The earth which the Otomacs eat is a very fine and unctuous clay, of a yellowish grey colour; and, being slightly baked in the fire, the hardened crust has a tint inclining to red, owing to the oxid of iron which is mingled with it. We brought away some of this earth, which we took from the winter provision of the Indians; and it is absolutely false, that it is stætitic, and contains magnesia. Mr. Vauquelin did not discover any traces of this earth in it; but he found that it contained more silex than alumina, and three or four per cent of lime.

"The Otomacs do not eat every kind of clay indifferently; they choose the alluvial beds or strata that contain the most unctuous earth, and the smoothest to the feel. I inquired of the missionary, whether the moistened clay were made to undergo, as Father Gumilla asserts, that peculiar decomposition, which is indicated by a disengagement of carbonic acid and sulphuretted hydrogen, and which is designated in every language by the term of *putrefaction*; but he assured us, that the natives neither cause the clay

to rot, nor do they mingle it with flour of maize, oil of turtles' eggs, or fat of the crocodile. We ourselves examined, both at the Oroonoko and after our return to Paris, the balls of earth which we brought away with us, and found no trace of the mixture of any organic substance, whether oily or farinaceous. The savage regards every thing as nourishing that appeases hunger; when, therefore, you inquire of an Otomac on what he subsists during the two months when the river is the highest, he shows you his balls of clayey earth. This he calls his principal food; for at this period he can seldom procure a lizard, a root of fern, or a dead fish swimming at the surface of the water. If the Indian eat earth from want during two months, (and from three quarters to five quarters of a pound in twenty-four hours,) he does not the less regale himself with it during the rest of the year. Every day in the season of drought, when fishing is most abundant, he scrapes his balls of *poya*, and mingles a little clay with his other aliment. What is most surprising is, that the Otomacs do not become lean by swallowing such quantities of earth; they are, on the contrary, extremely robust, and far from having the belly tense and puffed up. The missionary Fray Ramon Bueno asserts, that he never remarked any alteration in the health of the natives at the period of the great risings of the Oroonoko.

"The following are the facts in all their simplicity, which we were able to verify. The Otomacs, during some months, eat daily three quarters of a pound of clay slightly hardened by fire, without their health being sensibly affected by it. They moisten the earth afresh when they are going to swallow it. It has not been possible to verify hitherto with precision how much nutritious vegetable or animal matter the Indians take in a week at the same time; but it is certain that they attribute the sensation of satiety which they feel, to the clay, and not to the wretched aliments which they take with it occasionally. No physiological phenomenon being entirely insulated, it may be interesting to examine several analogous phenomena, which I have been able to collect.

"I observed every where within the torrid zone, in a great number of individuals, children, women, and sometimes even full-grown men, an inordinate and almost irresistible desire of swallowing earth; not an alkaline or calcareous earth, to neutralize (as it is vulgarly said) acid juices, but a fat clay, unctuous, and exhaling a strong smell. It is often found necessary to tie the children's hands, or to confine them, to prevent their eating earth, when the rain ceases to fall. At the village of Banco, on the bank of the river Magdalena, I saw the Indian women who make pottery continually swallowing great pieces of clay."

The author goes at some length into analogies and reasoning on them, but we confine our quotation principally to the facts.

"The negroes on the coast of Guinea delight in eating a yellowish earth, which they

call *caouac*. The slaves who are taken to America try to procure for themselves the same enjoyment; but it is constantly detrimental to their health. They say, 'that the earth of the West Indies is not so easy of digestion as that of their country.'"

"In the Indian Archipelago, at the island of Java, Mr. Labillardière saw, between Surabaya and Samarang, little square and reddish cakes exposed to sale. These cakes, called *tanaampo*, were cakes of clay, slightly baked, which the natives eat with appetite. The attention of physiologists, since my return from the Oroonoko, having been powerfully fixed on these phenomena of *geophagy*, Mr. Leschenault (one of the naturalists of the expedition to the Southern Lands under the command of Captain Baudin) has published some curious details on the *tanaampo*, or *ampo*, of the Javanese. 'The reddish and somewhat ferruginous clay,' he says, 'which the inhabitants of Java are fond of eating occasionally, is spread on a plate of iron, and baked, after having been rolled into little cylinders in the form of the bark of cinnamon. In this state it takes the name of *ampo*, and is sold in the public markets. This clay has a peculiar taste, which is owing to the torrefaction; it is very absorbent, and adheres to the tongue, which it dries. In general it is only the Javanese women who eat the *ampo*, either in the time of their pregnancy, or in order to grow thin; the want of plumpness being a kind of beauty in this country. The use of this earth is fatal to health; the women lose their appetite imperceptibly, and no longer take without disgust a very small quantity of food: but the desire of becoming lean, and of preserving a slender shape, can brave these dangers, and maintains the credit of the *ampo*.' The savage inhabitants of New Caledonia also, to appease their hunger in times of scarcity, eat great pieces of a friable *lapis ollaris*. Mr. Vauquelin analysed this stone, and found in it, beside magnesia and silex in equal portions, a small quantity of oxid of copper. Mr. Goldberry had seen the negroes in Africa, in the islands of Bunck and Los Idolos, eat an earth of which he had himself eaten, without being incommoded by it, and which also was a white and friable stætitic."

"When we reflect on the whole of these facts, we perceive that this disorderly appetite for clayey, magnesian, and calcareous earth, is most common among the people of the torrid zone; that it is not always a cause of disease; and that some tribes eat earth from choice, while others (the Otomacs in America, and the inhabitants of New Caledonia, in the Pacific Ocean,) eat it from want, and to appease hunger."

* "Letter from Mr. Leschenault to Mr. de Humboldt on the Kind of Earth which is eaten at Java. (See *Tableaux de la Nature*, vol. i. p. 209.)"

"* Labillardière, vol. ii. p. 205."

"* Goldberry, *Voyage en Afrique*, vol. ii. p. 455."

"The observations, which I made on the banks of the Oronoko, have been recently confirmed by the direct experiments of two distinguished young physiologists, Messrs. Hippolyte Cloquet and Breschet. After long fasting, they ate as much as five ounces of a silvery green and very flexible laminar tale. Their hunger was completely satisfied, and they felt no inconvenience from a kind of food, to which their organs were unaccustomed. It is known, that great use is still made in the East of the bolar and sigillated earths of Lemnos, which are clay mingled with oxide of iron. In Germany, the workmen employed in the quarries of sandstone worked at the mountain of Kiffhäuser spread a very fine clay upon their bread, instead of butter, which they call *steinbutter**, stone butter; and they find it singularly filling, and easy of digestion."

Continuation of the Recluse.

ELODIE arose with the first beams of the sun, and from the window of her tower beheld in the park preparations for a brilliant fête. In the garden triumphal arches sprung up as if created by the hand of enchantment. On one side was a temple dedicated to Beauty, on the other a grotto sacred to Love. Magnificent banners floated from every tree. While she gazed with astonishment on the scene before her, the door of her apartment opened, and the Countess of Imberg appeared. "Elodie," said she, in a tone of affectionate regard, "with the assistance of the inhabitants of the village, I have prepared a fête to celebrate the anniversary of your birth. This is a happy day for us all. To the villagers it gave a benefactress, and to me a daughter!"

The Countess led the maid of Underlach to the gallery of the monastery, at the extremity of which, on an elevated platform, a chair was placed, surrounded by warlike trophies, and surmounted by an embroidered canopy. Conducted by her adopted mother, Elodie ascended the steps of the platform, and seated herself on the chair. In a moment the Prince of Palzo presented himself before her, attended by a numerous retinue of knights, 'squires, and pages, whose scarfs, banners, and plumes were all of azure blue, Elodie's favourite colour. Lances, swords and bucklers were immediately lowered before the orphan of the abbey, and the Prince of Palzo, kneeling, laid his sword at her feet. But a new wonder was prepared for her! Seated in a car, shaded by an awning of celestial blue, Elodie was drawn, by a band of mountaineers, to an amphitheatre in the park, prepared for a tournament. The cry of *Glory to Heroes! Love to Ladies!* resounded on all sides. Knights in full armour, superbly mounted, entered the lists. From

* "This *steinbutter* must not be confounded with the *mountain butter*, *bergbutter*, which is a saline substance, owing to a decomposition of aluminous schists."

† "Freistelen, Kupferschiefer, vol. iv. p. 118. Keiser, in *Gilbert's Annalen*, B. 28, p. 492."

a gilded balcony, the maid of Underlach gazed with wonder on feats of courage, grace, and dexterity, such as her imagination had never before conceived.

The combats being ended, the fair hands of Elodie crowned the victors, and distributed the rewards of valour. Beneath a tent covered with cloth of gold, relieved by festoons of azure and wreaths of flowers, a splendid banquet was prepared for the heroes of the fête. Every enchantment, every pleasure surrounded the orphan.

The repast being ended, the prince conducted Elodie to an illuminated grove, at the extremity of which appeared the temple of Hymen, surrounded by a group of sylphs. The gates of the temple opened, and Elodie was dazzled by the brilliant spectacle which now presented itself to her view. She appeared to be under the influence of a dream, and vainly endeavoured to collect her thoughts. The altar of Hymen attracted her attention. In front appeared the names of Elodie and Palzo blended together in luminous characters; while, on every side, vases of gold, filled with incense, exhaled the perfumes of Arabia. Impelled by the seductions which surrounded her, she had involuntarily advanced to the steps of the temple; the Prince of Palzo was at her feet; he no longer doubted his triumph.—A sudden thought crossed the mind of Elodie! To enter the temple was to give a tacit consent to the wishes of the prince; to approach the altar was almost to plight her faith. She stooped—the enchantment vanished; a sudden tremor pervaded her frame. She disengaged herself from the flowery chains with which a group of young loves had entwined her, and fled to the outlet of the grove. The prince followed her; his lips pronounced the tenderest supplications of love; when suddenly an armed knight appeared before him, and presenting to him a sealed billet, silently saluted him and disappeared. Palzo seized the letter, precipitately tore off the envelope, perused the contents, and trembled. Elodie, availing herself of this favourable opportunity, immediately fled to the monastery.

She was soon joined by the Countess, who greeted her with her wonted kindness. "My dear Elodie," said she, "Providence having intrusted me with the care of the orphan of Underlach, I came hither to fulfil a sacred duty; but what pure joy has been reserved for me! The Prince of Palzo loves you. His passion for your charms amounts to madness, his admiration of your virtues is carried to idolatry. Surely the heart of my Elodie cannot be insensible to the merits of her adorer. The greatest hero of Lorraine is alone worthy of the fairest lady in Switzerland." "My honoured mother," replied Elodie, "since you permit me to call you so, I cannot express my gratitude! your goodness has surpassed all my hopes! But, oh, madam I urge not, I implore you, this union with the Prince of Palzo. I cannot love him, but at least my heart is incapable of deceiving him. I am not worthy of an alliance which would raise me to too exalted a sphere." "Charming

Elodie," resumed the Countess, "far from me be the thought of controlling your wishes. I was anxious to defer the intended union, conscious that the more you know Palzo, the more you will appreciate his merits. But delay is now impossible; the prince cannot longer remain at the monastery; it is time that I should reveal to you a part of his secrets. Know then, that at the head of a powerful army, ready to invade Lorraine, the Prince of Palzo is now opening his way to the throne. The king of France has declared himself his friend, and second his designs. I cannot explain myself more fully on this subject. It is sufficient to inform you, that during the fête the prince received a dispatch, intimating that his plans were on the point of being betrayed by a secret enemy. Not a moment must be lost; it is time to strike the decisive blow, and a crown will be the reward of the victor. The prince must immediately quit Switzerland; but, as ardent in love as he is valiant and invincible in war, he will not repair to the field of glory until Elodie shall have conferred on him the title of husband." Her artful and perfidious address produced on the orphan an effect totally opposite to what she had expected. The daughter of Saint-Maur rose, and in a tone of energy pronounced the following words:—"My resolution is fixed. A lawful diadem would not have dazzled me; but from a usurped throne I shrink with horror. The dark path of conspiracy is not the road to glory. Elodie will never be the bride of a rebel chief!" "Orphan of Underlach," resumed the Countess, "the caprice of a child can be no obstacle to the wishes of a mother. Since the language of persuasion has no influence over your mind, prepare to obey my peremptory mandate. Two days hence the Prince of Palzo shall receive your hand."

Elodie retired weeping to her apartment. She threw herself on her couch; but sleep refused to grant even a short respite to her misery. Frantic with despair, she resolved to kindle the watch-light of the tower. Who can assist her but the man of mystery?—Who can save her but the Recluse?

With a light step, the maid of Underlach crossed the corridor of the abbey, and, with a lamp in her hand, ascended the staircase leading to the tower. She mounted the platform, like another Hero giving the signal to Leander, and in a moment the watch-light blazed in the surrounding darkness. She then returned to her chamber, and once more threw herself on her sleepless couch.

Long ere the inhabitants of the monastery had risen, Elodie repaired to the chapel; there, whatever suffering she endured, her heart never failed to receive consolation. Prayer, the sovereign balm of affliction, is the sacred link which unites earth to heaven. From the foot of the altar, she directed her course to the silent vault where reposed the mortal remains of her mother. A funeral lamp, which burned night and day, shed a pale and glimmering light through the abode of death. Reclining on the tomb, absorbed

in melancholy reflections, her attention was suddenly roused by a noise at the further extremity of the vault. A door, hitherto unknown to her, immediately opened, and the Recluse of the Wild Mountain stood before her!

The daughter of Saint-Maur uttered a shriek of surprise and joy. "You are come!" said she with transport, rushing to meet him; and then, as if embarrassed by this first movement, she cast down her eyes and blushed. "Elodie has summoned me," replied the Recluse; "what order has she to give me?" "What order?" repeated Elodie in a tone of tenderness. "Do I then possess the right to order you?" "Speak!" replied the Recluse; "I am ready to obey you. You have forced me to betray my oaths; to unsheath this sword, which I had cast aside with horror; and for you I now feel the palpitations of a heart which I had sworn to preserve cold and insensible. Elodie," pursued he, "why have you summoned me hither?" "This chapel," replied the orphan, "is already prepared for the nuptials of Elodie and the Prince of Palzo, and yet you ask why I have summoned you to my aid?"—At this reply, the countenance of the Recluse became violently agitated, and, half unsheathing his sword, "More blood!" he exclaimed; "has not this blade yet shed enough?—Where is Palzo?"—"Heavens!" exclaimed Elodie, "what act of madness would you commit?"—Trembling with apprehension, she seized the hand of the Recluse, and pressed it within her own.—The magical contact instantly wrought a transformation in his frame. He involuntarily raised to his lips the trembling hand which sought to detain him. The fire of anger no longer runs through his veins; the lion of the desert has lost his ferocity.—"Pardon me!" said the Recluse, resuming his original calmness; "the name of Palzo, the presumptuous wretch who dares aspire to your hand, excited in me a feeling of rage and indignation which I was unable to repress. Dear Elodie," he continued, "even before the watch-light had summoned me to your aid, I was prepared to deliver you from the power of your tyrants. You shall never be the bride of Palzo!"—"And who then shall extinguish the nuptial torch?" exclaimed the daughter of Saint-Maur. "I!" replied the Recluse. "You! Oh, for Heaven's sake, hazard not your life! Promise! swear that you will not risk your safety!" These words, uttered in a tone of frantic tenderness, powerfully agitated the Recluse. "Fear not for me, Elodie," he replied, "I shall not quit the mountain. You have implored my aid, and you shall be rescued! you have relied on my devotion, and you shall be saved!"—He had reached the secret door of the vault, and was about to disappear—"Stay!" said Elodie—"one moment!"—"Alas!" resumed the Recluse, "wherefore detain me? Though your presence purify the air I breathe, yet your virtues cannot absolve me!—Far from you, as if erased from the book of life, I am doomed to wander in darkness.—Elodie, you weep!—Ah! my

misery rouses your pity!—my incomprehensible destiny excites your interest!—Let me be justified in your heart, and Heaven will pardon me!—Say that you love me, and I shall be saved!"—"You are saved!" exclaimed Elodie in an emphatic tone. "Swear," resumed the Recluse, "that you will be only mine!"—"On this tomb!" said Elodie, recoiling with horror. "Why not?" replied the Recluse; "death is as sacred as life!" Yielding to the irresistible impulse of the moment, as if before the altar of Hymen, she placed her hand on the funeral urn, and said, "I swear to be none but your's!"—"And I," exclaimed the Recluse, "will have no bride but Elodie! Elodie, or death!"

At this moment the great bell of the abbey tolled. "Gracious Heaven!" exclaimed the terrified Elodie, "what awful voice pronounces the nuptial benediction!" But, immediately recollecting herself, she said, "it is the hour of morning prayers. Adieu!" and casting on the Recluse a look of mingled love, sorrow, and regret, she hastened from the vault, and closed the subterranean door.

On her return, she found the Countess in the grand hall of the abbey. Magnificent nuptial presents, which had just arrived from Nanci, were pompously displayed before the daughter of Saint-Maur. But nothing astonished, nothing charmed her, and, like a calm spectator of another's nuptials, she gazed on every thing with indifference.

On the evening preceding the day appointed for the fatal nuptials, Elodie, having retired to her chamber, was suddenly alarmed by a noise in the court-yard of the abbey. She flew to her window. What a spectacle presented itself. The monastery was surrounded on all sides by a numerous force. The guards of Palzo, suddenly surprised, were disarmed and made prisoners. The standard of the Duke of Lorraine was hoisted on the tower. The troops of René had possessed themselves of all the posts and outlets of the abbey, and, like a citadel taken by surprise, the monastery was in the power of a new master.

The Countess Imberg, overwhelmed with dismay, presented herself to Elodie. Despair and terror were imprinted on her countenance; the protectress now implores the aid of the protégée. In the name of the Duke of Lorraine, Palzo was arrested on the charge of high treason. Loaded with fetters, he was confined in one of the dungeons of the abbey, by order of the commander of the force of René; and that commander was no other than the Count de Norindall. The Countess Imberg, the friend and confidant of Palzo, would, doubtless, be implicated in the plot. The Countess was aware of Egbert's passion for Elodie: that passion might be the means of saving her, and she, therefore, sought the protection of her adopted daughter.

Moved by the despair of the Countess, Elodie, forgetting her cruel persecutions, endeavoured to console her by every possible means. She hastened to intercede with the Count de Norindall in her behalf. In

spite of his efforts to disguise his sentiments, Egbert was powerfully agitated at the sight of Elodie. He explained to her the cause of his unexpected visit, and detailed the odious plot, of which the Duke of Lorraine had received the most indubitable proofs. "Noble Knight," said Elodie, "who could have unveiled to your sovereign the treachery of Palzo?" "Who but the Recluse!" replied Egbert. "The Recluse," repeated Elodie, "but how could he himself have discovered the plot? how could he have revealed it to the Duke of Lorraine?" "Fair Elodie," answered Egbert, "it is certain that he has discovered all; though by what means I know not. He was born to astonish the universe. Even at this moment he could, with a single word, change the fate of Europe." "He," exclaimed Elodie, "Oh Heavens! explain yourself!" Without replying to these words, Egbert, turning to look on the nuptial presents of the Prince of Palzo, said, "this morning Palzo was to have led Elodie to the altar. Alas!" continued he, "the breath of misfortune has for me extinguished the torch of Hymen, and blighted the flowers of love!"—"And the sister of the Duke of Lorraine?" said Elodie eagerly—"She is the happy bride of a German Prince," interrupted the count; "kneeling at the feet of his sovereign, Egbert confessed his passion for another, and René pardoned him."

On the following day, Egbert was to quit Switzerland; how could Elodie remain at the monastery, when her presence at Nanci might be the means of saving the Countess? How could she, in the moment of adversity, abandon her, who, amidst prosperity, had undertaken a long and fatiguing journey for her sake. But, on the other hand, how could she leave the Recluse! How fly from the mysterious being who was in some measure attached to her destiny! At length, however, duty triumphed over love, and Elodie resolved not to forsake the protectress whom Herstatt had chosen for her.

The inhabitants of the village were no longer banished from the monastery. Father Anselmo hastened to visit his young friend, delighted to find that she had escaped from danger. The maid of Underlach acquainted the old man with her determination to accompany the Countess Imberg to Nanci, in order to defend her on her trial. Though the pastor of Underlach condemned in his own mind the guilty friend of Palzo, yet he could not but applaud the generous sentiments of the orphan. Besides, the journey would separate her from the Recluse, at least for a time. Some powerful knight of the court of Lorraine might banish the stranger of the mountain from her memory. Anselmo, therefore, approved of her departure, and bade her a tender farewell.

At midnight the Count de Norindall and his numerous escort quitted the monastery. The Countess and Elodie were mounted on mules, richly caparisoned. Surrounded by guards and loaded with chains the Prince of Palzo was conducted in front of the procession. The grey walls of the monastery

were already lost in the distance. On every side appeared mountains whose lofty summits seemed to tower above the clouds.—Elodie was proceeding rapidly onwards, escorted by Count Egbert and a few knights, when she was suddenly startled by a name, almost magical, pronounced by some one near her, this name was—*The Recluse!*

The procession had reached the foot of the Wild Mountain. Elodie eagerly fixed her eyes on the mysterious forest; her heart beat with violence. She felt convinced that the man who could penetrate the secret plans of princes and courts, must have observed the preparations for her departure from Underlach; and he doubtless knew the hour at which she was likely to cross the desert passes. Near the summit of the mountain, Elodie perceived a rude habitation, in front of which rose a few slender fir trees. Close to the rude dwelling appeared a kind of warlike trophy, from which was suspended an emblazoned shield. Egbert suddenly stopped, and making a sign to his followers, all immediately bowed, lowering their lances to the ground, before the wild hut of the Recluse. The salute being ended, the friend of René pursued his course, without appearing to remark the surprise of Elodie. What means this homage rendered to the man of mystery! The powerful Count de Norindall has prostrated himself before the hut of the Recluse! The troops of Egbert hastened their march. They had already passed the defiles of the *Wild Mountain*, and had reached the *Terrible Peak*. Night was advancing, and all seemed to apprehend danger.

The rebels had learned the arrest of Palzo. The departure of Egbert, the route he was to take, all were known to them. The insurgent chiefs had resolved to rescue the prince. Near the *Terrible Peak*, their mountaineers lay in ambush, to surprise and put to flight the troops of René. "Count de Norindall," said the Countess, after a long pause, "do you observe that pointed rock. It seems tinged with blood! Hark! how mournfully the wind howls through the clefts! Noble knight! whither do you lead us?" Before Egbert had time to reply, a shower of arrows, issuing from the forest, spread consternation among his troops. Pikes and lances appeared on every side, and the followers of Egbert were surrounded by rebel mountaineers. A dreadful combat ensued. The guards of Palzo fell bathed in blood; the chief of the insurgents, armed with a lance, was soon at the head of his deliverers, and the perfidious Countess of Imberg sought refuge under the rebel banner.

Egbert, with the fury of a lion, defended the approach to the *Terrible Peak*. Valour at length triumphed over numbers, and disorder pervaded the ranks of the insurgents. The Prince of Palzo sought the daughter of Saint-Maur. He saw her at the foot of the rock, and flew to seize her—when the Count de Norindall rushed between him and his victim. Armed by vengeance, and implacable rivals, the two warriors fought with all the fury of hatred. For a few moments both appeared to be invincible, when sud-

denly an arrow shot by a mountaineer, pierced the cuirass of Egbert. Elodie uttered a shriek of horror and despair.—Alas! the Prince of Palzo triumphs!

At that moment a loud explosion was heard on the *Terrible Peak*. A cloud of smoke ascended to the clouds; and, as if issuing from a flaming chariot, the bleeding phantom appeared on the summit of the rock. The mountaineers, overwhelmed with horror, stood petrified and motionless, like the soldiers of Phineas at sight of the Gorgon's head. The Prince of Palzo gazed on the colossal phantom, which was arrayed in a robe of scarlet, while the blood seemed to drip from its thick and matted hair. The glaring eye of the phantom rolled wildly in its orbit, and appeared to consume every object on which it fixed its glance.

The Count de Norindall still valiantly resisted the multiplied blows of Palzo. The orphan raised her eyes on the rebel chief. A sudden paleness overspread his countenance; the sword fell from his hand, and he dropped lifeless at the feet of his adversary. An arrow, shot by the bleeding phantom, had pierced the heart of Palzo.

The Count de Norindall is saved! Elodie returned thanks to Heaven. Once more raising her eyes to the *Terrible Peak*, she thought she saw the bleeding phantom descending rapidly towards her, and overcome with terror, she swooned away.

On recovering, a multitude of confused ideas clouded her mind. She seemed to be rapidly floating through the air. She felt herself borne onwards by some unknown power, whose rapid flight was impeded by no obstacle. It could not be a dream. She raised her languid eye-lid, and ventured to cast a timid look on the unknown object which sustained her drooping head.—Oh, horror!—She was in the arms of the bleeding phantom!—The daughter of Saint-Maur uttered a shriek of terror.—"Elodie! Elodie!" exclaimed a tender and supplicating voice. The well-known accent vibrated through the heart of the orphan. She raised her head, and her eyes met those of the Recluse!

The Recluse was still arrayed in the disguise of the bleeding phantom. But alarm had ceased to agitate the frame of Elodie. Beneath the garb of terror, her lover's heart throbbed in unison with her own. Suddenly she perceived a trophy of war, and near it a hermitage surrounded with trees. She immediately recognized the emblazoned shield, which Count Egbert had so lately saluted.—"Where am I?" said she, turning to the Recluse; "whither would you convey me?"—"To the rock of the exile," he replied; "to the hermitage of the Recluse; here is his only abode, and wild roots and the water of the torrent his only subsistence. Elodie!—is this a fit bridegroom for innocence and beauty!—but," added he, pointing to the shield on which were emblazoned the arms of royalty, "I was not always what I now am. There was a time when my name resounded through Europe.—Alas! this shield is all that remains of my past triumphs." Then seizing the hand of Elodie, "Speak,"

added he, "if fortune and glory have any charms for thee, I can yet possess them. A single word will elevate me to a station more exalted than before!—dispose of my destiny."—"I have ever despised worldly dignities," replied Elodie. "Come then," resumed the mysterious inhabitant of the mountain, "let us enter the hermitage. Be the bride of the exile. Alas! why dare I not pronounce another name!—that name would operate like a fatal talisman, and deprive me of the heart of Elodie!"—"Pronounce it fearlessly," replied the orphan.—"You shall be satisfied," exclaimed the Recluse, "my name, my errors, my destiny, my life, shall be unfolded to you, and I will await your judgment; but, for Heaven's sake, do not quit this rock—do not abandon this wild retreat. The wounded Egbert has been conveyed to the monastery, which is still in the power of his troops. The Countess no longer lives; her mule, scared by the flames of the *Terrible Peak*, precipitated her into the torrent. Occupied in retracing my sad history, I shall, for a few hours, retire to the thickest part of the forest. Meanwhile, Elodie, promise not to quit the hermitage." The orphan promised, and the Recluse instantly disappeared.

When abandoned to herself, her mind became racked by the most gloomy forebodings. She dreaded the approach of the fatal moment, which was to decide her fate. Already the rays of the setting sun gilded the mountains. "Perhaps," said the orphan, "those are to me the last rays of happiness!" At length the Recluse appeared. His countenance was pale and agitated. "Elodie follow me!" he said, and immediately descended the mountain. She rose and followed her silent guide. Some awful event seemed to threaten her. Not far from Lake Morat the Recluse suddenly stopped. Elodie looked around her, and uttered a shriek of horror. She found herself at the entrance of a vaulted monument, the walls and roof of which were lined with human bones: on every side appeared columns formed of skulls closely piled upon each other.—It seemed like a triumphal arch, raised by vengeance to ferocity.

"Where am I?" exclaimed the terrified Elodie.—"In the bone-house of Morat," replied the Recluse, "and I am—*Charles the Bold!*"—With these words, throwing aside his long black mantle, he appeared in the armour of a conqueror, and stood in the centre of the vast sepulchre, as if on the throne of death.—"*Charles the Bold!*" repeated the wretched Elodie; "you the sanguinary Duke of Burgundy! the murderer of my father!"—"Yes," replied he, "I am the implacable Charles; he who was once the scourge of Europe. I now reveal my name in this infernal grotto, surrounded by all the recollections and horrors of my life. Daughter of Saint-Maur, curse me! I deserve my fate."—"No," said the orphan, with energy, recovering from the shock which had for a few moments subdued her. "the vengeance of Heaven is appeased, and you are pardoned!"—"Repeat those words again," exclaimed the Recluse; spirit of hope and mercy! fulfil thy divine mission,

and absolve me!"—"Let us return to the hermitage," said Elodie; and she speedily regained the path leading to the Wild Mountain.

On entering the hut, she remained for a few moments, as if deprived of sense. The unfortunate Charles soon appeared: "Here, said he, presenting her with a manuscript, is the history of my life. Peruse it, and judge me!—If you think my crimes have been expiated, if misfortune claims your sympathy, if innocence can pardon the repentance of guilt, address to me a few lines of hope, and deposit them in the hollow trunk of the willow tree, at the foot of the mountain. The Recluse left the hermitage, and Elodie, unfolding the fatal manuscript, read as follows.

(To be Concluded in our next.)

Original Correspondence.

RECOLLECTIONS OF HERRNHUTH.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

SIR,—The "Recollections of Herrnhuth," in your number 243, have awakened similar recollections in my mind, and of such interest, that I would fain believe a narration of them might prove acceptable to your readers; if such be also your opinion, I shall be obliged by your giving the following lines a place in your interesting Journal:—

Highly delighted with a tour through the Sudetan mountains (which separate Silesia from Bohemia and Lusatia), to their highest point, the majestic Giant's Cap, and to the sources of the Elbe and its cataracts, we descended into the plains of Lusatia, and arrived, on the afternoon of the following day, at the neat town of Herrnhuth. Limited to time, we were obliged to make the most of it, and forthwith required the waiter of our hotel, the *Gemeinde-Haus*, (the House of the Community,) to procure us a guide. He returned from his mission, saying, that the Baron of M—— would immediately wait upon us, and adding, on our expressing some surprise, that three or four of the more independent brethren of the community had voluntarily, and probably for their own amusement, undertaken the task of making strangers acquainted with the beauties and peculiarities of the place.

Soon after the baron appeared, a man of about 45 years, plain in dress and manner, but a man of education in every thing he said or did. As we went on with him, he made us briefly, and without affectation, acquainted with his own history. Descended from an ancient family in Livonia, and possessing an independent fortune, he lived a gay life at St. Petersburg, when suddenly, as he expressed himself, he was moved by the spirit to become a member of this community, and immediately set off for that branch of it, established in the Crimea.—There he was refused admittance, but, his purpose gaining only additional strength from this rebuke, he traced back his steps, and applied at the mother-establishment, at

Herrnhuth, where finally he was admitted a member.

Our first visit was to the house which the unmarried brethren occupied, it being a standard regulation with them, that families only reside separately, and that their children, from a certain age, until they also enter into wedlock, be educated and reside in these establishments. Here every thing bespoke order and the highest degree of cleanliness, particularly in the bed-rooms, which were furnished with hundreds of plain, but clean-looking single bedsteads.

Adjoining and belonging to this establishment is a shop for the sale of books, trinkets, jewellery, &c. where we made a few purchases, and then proceeded to visit the establishment of the unmarried sisters, a large, noble, stone building, with a beautiful garden belonging to it. Conducted as it is on a similar plan with the other establishment, the interior presented nothing very different from that, save its being more elegant, and furnished with smaller bed-rooms. One of the largest saloons was provided for the performance of concerts, of which the Herrnhuth ladies are particularly fond, and in which they certainly excel, as well as in needle-work, of which we obtained some exquisite specimens.

Their laws prohibiting dancing, and restraining the intercourse of the two sexes to occasional visits at the houses of married relations, and, most of all, their marriages being contracted, not by, but for them by the Elders, frequently without the parties having even seen one another; the assertion of the baron, that the young ladies generally left their establishment with great reluctance, did not appear to us very extraordinary.

The next object of our curiosity was the burial-ground, which occupied a little eminence, a few hundred yards from the town, intersected by two paths crossing each other, the centre occupied by the sarcophagus of the founder of this sect, Count Zinzendorf, and of the family of Einsiedl, (the present chief of which is prime minister of Saxony,) and every other grave marked by a flat stone in an horizontal position, inscribed with the name and birth-place of each person, (amongst which we noticed many English,) the whole shaded by hundreds of young lime-trees, placed at regular distances; this burial-ground appeared to us like a picture of the sect itself: calmness, serenity and regularity were the prominent features in both. On our return to the town, we were just in time to attend the evening prayers at the church, consisting of hymns sung by the whole of the congregation, in a manner as beautiful and impressive as it was simple and unostentatious. Not a little also was our interest heightened by the venerable appearance of the elders, whom the baron named to us as they passed, saying,—he was 30 years in Greenland, another 20 years in Surinam, another an equal number of years in Africa or Asia, or any other part of the habitable globe.—Night soon put a stop to our rambles, and before daybreak we prosecuted our journey.

J. R.

Arts and Sciences.

CASHMERE GOATS.

A Paris journal contains the following particulars relative to the Cashmere goats, which were some time ago imported to France:—

The flock consists of about 180 goats. The animals are enclosed in a large meadow, surrounded by trees, which afford them an agreeable shade. On two sides of the meadow there are reservoirs of fresh water, and penfolds constructed on the model of those of the *Jardin des Plantes*. The goats are permitted to go in and out of the penfolds freely, but they are constantly kept separate, so that the growth of these interesting animals and the increase of their down may be closely observed. The young ones resemble little dogs in form. They differ, in many respects, from our native race of goats; they have hanging ears, curled tails, and horns, for the most part straight and crossed. They are not in general larger than our goats, but they have more body, and when compared with our finest species of white goats, there appears to be a difference nearly equal to that which exists between the Arabian and European horses.

The milk of the Thibet goats is so nutritious and abundant, that the young ones, when three weeks old, are as large and strong as the French goats at the age of three months. They are likewise remarkably tame, and easily kept in flocks. They are fed at as little expense as the French goats, for they eat every thing, even Indian chestnuts, potatoe-blossoms, weeds, withered flowers, branches and leaves of all kinds. Consequently, without taking any thing from the pasturage of cows, the Cashmere goats may be kept in any park or meadow, merely on the waste verdure.

Electric Eel.—An electric eel (*Gymnotus Electricus*) was lately brought to Paris from America, and, in trying upon it the experiments of M. Humboldt, a very singular occurrence took place. Several naturalists had already subjected themselves to electric shocks, more or less violent, by touching the fish, which is of the size of a large eel, when Dr. Janin de Saint Jusk seized it with both his hands, and was rewarded with a succession of shocks more severe than Volta's pile would have given. Indeed, he was exposed to real danger, in consequence of finding it impossible to loose his hold of the animal, notwithstanding its every motion agitated his whole frame to an excessive degree. An involuntary contraction forced him to grasp it with

* Our readers may remember that, according to Mr. Todd's experiments, (in 1817—see Lit. Gaz. No. 10,) the intensity of the shocks given by the torpedo bore no relation to the size of the fish, but an evident relation to its *liveliness*, and to the degree of irritation caused by *pressing, pricking, or squeezing the animal*. This Dr. Janin has sensibly demonstrated. The eel discharges the electric fluid in self-defence; and it is probable the Paris specimen will not long survive the copious emission.—Ed.

supernatural strength, and the more he grasped, the more dreadful did the electrical shocks become. They extorted from him the most agonizing cries, which alarmed all present, including Messrs. Alibert, Geoffroy, St. Hilaire, Serre, and Larrey, who were even afraid for his life, as it is probable, had he continued long in the situation, that death must have ensued. No one knew how to assist him. "Let go, let go!" they cried, but he had not the power to follow their advice. Happily it occurred to him to replunge the eel into its tub, and scarcely were his hands wetted, when the contact of the water (acting as a conductor) enabled him to let his enemy slip.

Literature and Learned Societies.

BELLES LETTRES IN SWEDEN.

Stockholm, June, 1821.

AMONG the finest and most celebrated works of Swedish sculpture is, doubtless, the group of Cupid and Psyche, by our immortal Sergell, which has gained not only the admiration of all Swedish artists, but also that of foreigners. It seems, that when Sergell designed his work, he had in view the charming fable of Cupid and Psyche, by Apuleius. He has chosen the moment when Psyche kneels to Cupid and implores his pardon; the god, however, turns his head a little aside, hesitating between love and anger. In this expression of divine anger, the artist has perfectly succeeded; and it seems as if he had lavished all the powers of his genius upon the figure of the god, for the kneeling Psyche is much inferior. At the feet of Psyche lie the lamp and dagger with which, according to the fable of Apuleius, she intended to ascertain and then murder the unknown invisible lover.

A fawn, by the same artist, has been almost equally admired; and all his works were, after his demise, bought by the king of Sweden, to be placed in the lower gallery of the Royal Museum.

One of the most prolific and celebrated authors of Sweden is, unquestionably, the poet Ling, whose works deserve to be known abroad by good translations. His beautiful tragedy, Agne, is considered to be the most successful of the productions of his poetical muse. He is a master of his language and style, and combines an inexhaustible profusion of ideas with fancy and originality. All his works bear the stamp of correct national character, and it is this which makes him so dear to his country. His style is flowery and rich in images, but never overloaded, which is the fault of many poets when they descend to prose. He is at present engaged on an epic poem, *Die Asen*, of which a part appeared in 1816, and entitles us to expect much from the remainder. On the loss of Finland, which is still felt and deeply lamented by every true Swede, Ling has composed an allegorical epic poem, intitled "Cylfe," which has, however, met with less approbation than his other works, as the language is less noble and exalted, nay, even rather unpublishable, and the versification is deficient in

correctness. On the other hand, his Idyll "Love" is very beautiful, as well as his poems "the Diet of 1527," and "Eylif the Goth." Ling studies assiduously the history of his country, and generally takes his subjects from it. The following are the tragedies which he has hitherto published:—Engelbrecht Engelbrechtson, Saint Brigitta, Hättebröderna, Blot Swen, and Ingjald Illröda; he has, however, composed several others, the publication of which is eagerly expected. Ling has also attempted other branches of the drama, but he appears to be most successful in tragedy. Thus he has published Olof Skötkonung, an historical drama; Thorborg, an opera; and Hjalmar, an Erotic drama: we have also seen his poetical romance, "The Wonder." He is nearly fifty years of age, of a melancholy temperament, as he has met with many misfortunes in the course of his life, none of which affected him more painfully than the loss of a beloved wife. He is as perfect master of the Danish language as of the Swedish, and has published in the former, during his stay in Copenhagen, several small poems, and also his *Neider*, which were very well received.

A lady, too, has ventured on the slippery paths of Parnassus. This lady has never publicly laid aside her incognito. But the poetess Euphrosine, is, in fact, a Mrs. Asping, a very amiable and accomplished woman; the chief characteristic of whose writings is *naïveté*. Her compositions have hitherto been published in the Poetical Calendar, which is edited by the ingenious poet, Atterbom, at Upsal; among her poems, the Lapland Girl is distinguished by its excellence.

Mr. Afzelius, the Court Chaplain, and Professor Geyer, of Upsal, have published together some beautiful Swedish ballads.—Afzelius has contributed to a new edition of the *Edda*, and has by this done more service to the literature of his country, than by the publication of a few small poems of his own. But his *Journal for Friends of Religion* met with so little encouragement, that it went no farther than the first number, though it contains several excellent psalms.

The celebrated historical painter, Professor Breda, has every Saturday, at his house, a meeting of Swedish artists and connoisseurs, who pass some agreeable hours in conversation on the Arts, and sometimes in viewing their productions. Professor Breda's son is a young artist who has shown much genius in some historical attempts.

I feel no inclination to speak to you of our theatre, for I am afraid of becoming bitter and out of temper, when I think of it. O ye indignant manes of Gustavus the Third, what do you think at seeing Thalia and Melpomene so abused on that very stage, which that excellent monarch, during his life, had erected and adorned at so much expense! Might the ghost of Gustavus Adolphus, like that of the Danish King Hamlet, once pass angry and threatening over the stage, while the translation of some wretched Kotzebuiade wearies the spectators through four or five long acts, and put an end to the scandal! G. A.

Fine Arts.

PRESERVATION OF ATHENS; LORD STRANGFORD.

It is with no common feelings of national pride, that we insert the following document, so truly worthy of our country, and so highly honourable to her representative, Lord Strangford. Of the character of that noble lord, we have heard many admirable traits; but his fine taste for literature, his love of the arts, and his devotion to science, were never more brilliantly illustrated than by this act which was anxiously performed, and, we have every reason to believe, has alone saved the most interesting vestiges of antiquity in Greece from utter destruction.

Translation of Letters addressed by his Highness the Grand Visier to the Governor General of the Morea, and to the Commander of the Turkish Troops at Athens.

"THE English Ambassador, Lord Viscount Strangford, residing at the Sublime Porte, having learned that the Ottoman Troops (whom, may Victory always follow!) are on the road to deliver Athens from the Rebels who have taken possession of it, has presented an official note, signed with his respectable name, in which he has said that it would be very agreeable to his Majesty the King of Great Britain, if orders were issued for the protection of the ancient buildings and temples, and other monuments of antiquity, which exist in the city and neighbourhood of Athens, and which have at all times been highly interesting to the learned in Europe.

"Now as his said Majesty is full of friendship towards the Sublime Porte, as the cordial affection and confidence of the two Governments increase from day to day, and as the ancient temples and other antiquities of Athens have always attracted the admiration of Europe, it is worthy of the dignity of the Sublime Porte to take measures for the preservation of these curious objects, with the design, moreover, of doing what will be agreeable to the King of England, and to his Ambassador our good friend.

"Therefore, with the sagacity which characterizes you, we desire you to employ your authority, and to give competent orders to all whom it may concern, that the ancient buildings of Athens and its neighbourhood may be preserved untouched, in their present state; that no damage be done to them; and that no complaint may be made to us by our friend the Ambassador, or by others, that these our orders have not been strictly obeyed."

Original Poetry.

On an Early Rose.

SWEET Rose, whom early showers
Have kindly, fondly nursed,
I love thy leaves of red,
For, from fair Flora's bed,
Thou lift'st thy modest head,
Sweet Rose—the First.

What spell is in that world,
The First! the primal one!
Oh! wherefore loves to stray
The mind to Pleasure's day,
And count in Life's pathway,
The sweets that shone!

Is it because of joys,
Long since like dreams all fled,
Tho' each had rapture in it,
None had that charm within it,
As when that First—First minute,
Their sweets were shed?

It is the First fond look,
The First fond female sighs,
The First exchange of sweets,
When each pulse trembling beats,
And youth the First time meets
His mistress' eyes.

These are charms that memory,
In anguish doth recal,
If future hours led,
Where sweets were ever shed,
One First—First minute fled,
Were worth them all!

Appolito.

Sir,—Should the following slight tribute of
admiration to a work, to which your own pages
first attracted my attention, obtain a place in
your columns, I shall feel peculiar pleasure, as
by that means only can I express to the charm-
ing authoress the delight I felt on perusing
"The Fate of Adelaide." Allow, &c.

*Lines written on the last page of "The Fate of Adelaide,"
by Miss London.*

Farewell, sweet minstrel! never hath mine ear
Drank in more magic melody; thy power
Wakens those hallowed feelings, pure and dear,
That lie closed in the heart, like to a flower
That waits the influence of the April shower
To call its incense forth; so waked by thee,
Come fond remembrances of youth's light hour,
And hope's wild dreams of joy that is to be,
And pity's tender burst of gentlest sympathy.

And love, oh love! is pictured in thy lay,
True to the very life; that gentle love
That knows no change, no shadow, no decay,
But sad and tender as the pining dove;
Bleak storms may press, and sickness may prove
Its truth, and wring its bosom to the core;
But storms, or change, would all in vain remove
The love which is the heart's most precious store,
Even in its hopelessness, but prized the more.

Deeply and wild, it has been thine to feel
Love's power on thee; for never may they tell
Of hope and fear, and visions bright, which steal
Upon the thrall'd senses like a spell,
Who have not known that flame unquenchable;
How sweetly hast thou told of that pale one,
Who loved too faithfully, and loved too well,
Brook'd cold desertion, and yet still loved on,
Till hope, and life, and love, were altogether gone.

I've heard at night, when the young moon was
high,

And dew was on the flower, a light breeze,
Rich with the nightingale and rose's sigh,
Sweep with wild music through the murmuring
trees;

Such are thy harp's sad but sweet symphonies,
Sad as the lover's song, who loves in vain,
Sweet as the melody of wind-waked seas.
Farewell, young minstrel, to thy witching strain,
Soon wake thy plaintive harp's dream of ro-
mance again!

September.

A. H. R.

* In our cursory remarks on periodical literature, in a
preceding page of this No., we have not insisted much on
that which it delights us to exemplify by according to this
request,—viz. the opportunity of encouraging young
genius.—Ed.

Hor. Epod. 15.
Nox erat, et comis, fulgebant Luna serena, &c.

To *****

'Twas night—and in the calm and cloudless sky
Of lesser stars, the queen,
The silvery Moon, was seen,
Throned in her orb of lovely majesty;—
When thou, beneath the attesting eye of Heaven,
So soon to be provoked for false vows given,
Pledged, at my prayer, eternal constancy!

Closer than ivy clasps the lordly oak,
Round which it's lentils wind,
Thy pliant arms entwined
My willing neck; and the fond whisper said,
"Whilst flocks the wolf, Orion sailors dread,
"Our loves be true—no vows of mine be broke!"

Ah, false Nereus! soon wilt thou bemoan
That one so true, so kind,
Had ever been resign'd;—
For if one spark of manhood lights my breast,
No more I'll bear that others should be prest
Upon that bosom vowed to me alone!

I'll turn, indignant, to another's love,
Where a devoted heart
Will meet it's counterpart;—
Nor, though unfeign'd repentance fill thy soul,
Should my firm spirit yield to the control
Of charms which, once despised, no more can
move.

But thou—what'er thou art—that build'st thy
pride,
And holdest festival,
Upon a rival's fall;—
Tho' many a herd be thine, and rood of land—
Tho' all Pactolus, with his golden sand,
Should own thee master of his wealthy tide;—

Didst thou possess the Samian Sage's art,
Which ever, after death,
Renews the vital breath—
And Nereus past in beauty—thou'd'st deplore
That love, once thine—now thine, alas! no
more!—
Then, I shall laugh at thy deluded heart.

Sept. 17.

The Muletter's Hymn imitated.

THOU dreary wastes I wander,
O'er craggy mountains roam;
The Virgin safely guards me,
When absent from my home.

Tho' parching suns oppress me,
Or winter's torrents foam;
The Virgin's care protects me,
And guides me to my home.

In danger she upholds me,
And whispers joys to come;
When Nora shall embrace me,
And welcome me to home!

J. G.

Sketches of Society.

RECOLLECTIONS.

Among the groups that decorate the grand
staircase at Kensington, painted by the in-
genious Kent, who laid out the beautiful
gardens for Queen Caroline, is a portrait of
Mahomet, the Turk, who was valet-de-
chambre to his majesty, George 1st. This
worthy man, whom the sovereign brought
from Hanover, was justly esteemed for his
amiable manners and general deportment.
Although so great a royal favourite, his be-
nevolence was not the least of his many

virtues, having, in the space of three years,
discharged from the Gate-house in West-
minster, the Borough Clink, Ludgate, and
other close and filthy prisons, disgraceful to
that age, more than three hundred poor
debtors confined for small sums! This
Christian Turk died in 1726.

The wealthy citizens of London, for many
ages, have been renowned for their benevo-
lent consideration for the poor; a record
of their charities would make a ponderous
folio: but many salutary customs, that did
honour to our metropolitan forefathers, all
tending to lessen the calamities of their dis-
tressed neighbours, have been long discon-
tinued, and almost forgotten—although their
revival would work the same benefit as
heretofore.

Before the Fire of London, that the needy
might be constantly supplied with coals, in
the inclement season of scarcity, when the
petty dealer makes his market of the neces-
sities of the poor, and to defeat the com-
bination of speculators in that indispensable
article, certain of the City-companies pro-
vidently purchased and laid in store annu-
ally, between Lady-day and Michaelmas,
the following quantities, which, in dear times,
were vended to the poor RETAIL, at the
WHOLESALE COST!—

	Chaldrons.		Chaldrons.
Mercers	488	Masons	22
Grocers	675	Plumbers	19
Drapers	562	Inn-holders	45
Fishmongers	465	Founders	7
Goldsmiths	525	Poulterers	12
Skinner	315	Cooks	36
Merchant Tailors	750	Coopers	52
Haberdashers	578	Tyers and	} 19
Salter	360	Bricklayers	
Ironmongers	255	Bowyers	3
Vintners	375	Fletchers	3
Cloth-workers	412	Blacksmiths	15
Dyers	105	Apothecaries	45
Brewers	104	Joiners	22
Leather-sellers	210	Weavers	27
Pewterers	52	Woolmen	3
Cutlers	75	Woodmongers	60
White Bakers	45	Scriveners	60
Wax-chandlers	19	Fruiterers	7
Tallow-chandlers	97	Plasterers	8
Armourers	19	Brown Bakers	12
Girdlers	105	Stationers	75
Butchers	22	Embroiderers	30
Saddlers	90	Upholders	9
Carpenters	38	Musicians	6
Cordwainers	60	Turners	13
Barber-surgeons	60	Basket-makers	6
Painter-stainers	12	Ginziers	6
Curriers	11		

By the same wise and munificent act of
the City, which regulated this measure, all
retail dealers in coals were prohibited from
meeting the vessels, or by their agents con-
tracting for coals, before the ships arrived
in the Port of London, on the penalty of
five shillings for every chaldron so fore-
stalled or bought by pre-contract.

The destruction of so many of the public
buildings, by the great conflagration of 1666,
may account for the suspension of this cus-
tom, as the funds of many of the companies
were wanted for the rebuilding of their halls,
and the private funds of the members for
the re-erection of their own warehouses and
dwellings. But Time saw London rise

again a Phoenix of splendor and wealth; and yet this merciful and necessary custom has not been revived!

Charity Schools.—The great improvement in morals and civilization, which has advanced progressively for the last hundred and twenty years, must be principally ascribed to the establishment of Parish Charity Schools. For, until the period of the Revolution in 1688, there were only six or eight Free-schools within the bills of mortality. Dean Collet's munificent institution, the Charter House, and Merchant Tailor's Schools, were not only limited to a small number of students, but the scheme of education was too high for the general class of the community. Christ's Hospital lessened the evil, but did not meet the exigency. The first Parish Charity School was founded March 25, 1668: thus the institution is co-eval with civil and religious liberty. Since which memorable period, nearly two hundred Parish Charity Schools have been established within London, Westminster, and the Bills of Mortality alone! Surely the most noble, national spectacle, that was viewed by the illustrious visitors to this country, after the Peace of 1816, was that multitude of children of the poor—who united their infant voices in an anthem of praise, under the grand dome of St. Paul's Cathedral.

MIRACLES IN 1821.

It would appear that the newly-revived belief in miracles is not exclusively confined to the disciples of Prince Hohenlohe, at Bamberg. A French Journal relates the following marvellous stories.

A young woman, who had been for some time grievously afflicted with the tooth-ache, lately applied to a *Limonadier* of the Faubourg Saint Martin, who imagines he possesses the power of effecting cures by miraculous means, as well as any German Prince. The following dialogue ensued:—

"What is your pleasure, Mademoiselle?"
—"Ah, Sir, you see how my face is swelled, and how I am disfigured."—"You have the tooth-ache?"—"Yes, Sir, and your high reputation induced me to come to you."—"But you have somebody with you?"—"Oh Sir! he is my intended."—"You think I can cure you?"—"I have been told so;"—"and you believe it?"—"I do."—"Bravo! I have the tooth."—"Oh pray don't draw it, Sir!"—"I need only touch it with the point of my finger, and two words will afford you relief—*Microe Salem*;—now pay me, and begone!"

The subjoined paragraph describes a miracle of a still more extraordinary kind, and one which is certainly the better entitled to credit, since a pretty woman is at once the heroine of the story, and the guarantee of its authenticity.

Madame de ———, after a widowhood of two or three months, became more extravagant and more fond of pleasure than ever she had been in her husband's life. She was present at every new opera, every ball, and every place of fashionable amusement. Astonished at this gay kind of

philosophy, one of her female friends ventured to question her on the subject. "Well, I must let you into my secret," said the sprightly widow. "Know, then, that I join in all these fashionable follies, only in obedience to my husband's commands."—"How! did he order it so in his will?"—"In his will! Oh no! come, I must tell you! Whenever I receive an invitation to a concert or a ball, the first thing I do, even before I give an order to my maid, or my milliner, is to proceed to the *burial ground of Pere Lachaise*."—"Well, that's certainly a most singular preparation for a ball!"—"I kneel down before the tomb of my husband—"—"Oh! I understand, you make a prelude to the pleasures of the evening, by the tears you shed in the morning! Well, that's a sort of *compensation*!"—"Nay, but hear me. I press my lips close to the marble, and I whisper, 'Dear husband, do not be angry if I go to-night to Madame ———'s party,'—and he replies, 'you may go, my love.'"—"What a droll idea! and you really fancy you hear him say so?"—"Yes! he speaks very softly, to be sure; but then I have such a delicate ear!"—"And do you ever ask him any other questions?"—"Oh yes! I sometimes consult him about my dress, and he gives me his advice; for I verily believe he reads the *Journal des Modes* as regularly as I do. It was he who advised me to buy this new *Cashmere*!"—"Ah! my dear friend, what a happy woman you are!—Your dead husband is ten thousand times better than my living one!"

The Drama.

DRURY-LANE.

Geraldi Duval, a Melo-drame, made from the Ruffian Boy of Mrs. Opie, and the Farce of Monsieur Tonson, founded on the whimsical tale of that title, adapted to the stage by Mr. Moncrieff, continue to precede and succeed the Coronation at this house with fair success. The theatre has been open only thrice this week, on alternate nights with Covent Garden; between the two, short recesses and no recesses, the summer places of entertainment have, we fear, had but cold encouragement. It is, perhaps, one of the greatest evils of our existing drama, that the struggle of competition is so imperative, as to lead to the perversion of public taste, by way of attraction, and to little liberality towards each other among those who cater for the popular appetite.

COVENT-GARDEN.

This house re-opened on Monday with *Hamlet*; the principal part by Mr. Young, whose return to the stage every lover of chaste and dignified acting must hail with pleasure. The play itself offers nothing for remark, since there is hardly a well-educated young gentleman, or a well-bred young lady, of eleven years of age, in London, who has not seen both *Hamlet* and Mr. Young; if not, they have seen them in the newspapers, which is some thing, though not the same thing. The Prince of Denmark was greeted with fervent applause, as were also the other public favourites, as

they appeared in their respective characters. Among these, Mr. Abbott, Mr. Blanchard and Miss Foote were distinguished. The Ophelia of the latter is of such a cast, that we should rejoice in her immortality—that is, that the grave-diggers never should have any thing to do with her. Blanchard's Polonius is broad, but excellent; Abbott's Laertes gentlemanlike and spirited. Mrs. Faucit, as the Queen, was sad; Messrs. Emery and Barnes, as the aforesaid diggers, jocular; Mr. Farley, as Osrick, neither one nor t'other. The house was full, and its appearance handsome; we mean no compliment to the audience, but to the beautifying and new painting during the recess.

On Wednesday, Pizarro offered as much of good acting, and as little for new criticism, as the *Hamlet* of Monday. In the farce, a young lady played Widow Brady, in which part, little art but vivacity without capacity, is needed or heeded. The Irish Widow she did do rather smartly, but partly that her choice wanted voice, and her tones are feeble ones, the entertainment off but lame went.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.

Match-breaking, to which we could not last week do honour, lies upon our hands for its due this present Saturday. The daily critics have said, that it reminded them of the olden comedy, which reminds us of a story. Two beggars, (we beg pardon of the daily critics, who have only to retort on the weekly ones that they are seven times worse,) two beggars, whose alms depended much upon their longevity, got into a quarrel of years, and wrangled upon the precendency of age; (we would be happy to claim youth!) "Pooh!" said the one to the other, "you are not so old as me, I remember the mirk (dark) Monday!"—"D—n it," quoth the second, "the mirk Monday! I remember since there were no Mondays at all!" It is even so in dramatic criticism. Some remember the times when comedy was like *Match-breaking*, and some remember the times when there were no such things at all—of course we mean by reading, for the most venerable of us have but a bare and scanty recollection of good sense, good taste, politeness, and a faithful portraiture of the age upon the London boards. Well, nevertheless, Mr. Kenney's play of *Match-breaking* has some sterling qualities, that is to say, it wants the leading features of modern dramatic talent. You are not choked with bad puns, nor disgusted with weak claps-traps, nor obliged to look as if you thought there was something in it, when all the wisecracks around you are vociferating their enthusiasm at stale tricks, which you (miserable wight!) have ceased to laugh at or admire for the last quarter of a century, or at least from the beginning of the present, being, according to the Herald's College, the nineteenth. But having allowed these negative perfections to the new play, we are compelled to pause, for of intrinsic merits it does not possess a very long roll. And the reason is simply the want of probability. Archimedes imagined (though we doubt the practicability of his scheme) that he could raise the world, we know not where to, if

he had a place upon which to poise his fulcrum; but not being aware of such a convenient spot, he abandoned the idea of lifting the universe out of its sphere. This example of a Philosopher ought never to be lost sight of by a Dramatist. Neither of them must invent that which does not exist; but they must lay their foundation in Nature, and then, as Nell says in *The Devil to Pay*, "go their lengths." In *Match-breaking* the incidents turn on a prince interfering so far between the marriage of a captain in his guards and a lady of whom he knows nothing, as to fill the former with the most just suspicions of his villany and tyranny, and the latter with disappointment and wretchedness. This may be very pretty sport for a German potentate, but the *cui bono* is wanting; for it appears that this malicious, tormenting, torturing scoundrel is, after all, an extremely benevolent, kind-hearted creature, who has only been putting the hearts and souls of his beloved victims into a vice, in order to squeeze them into ultra happiness. We are aware that authors are creators; they know how far they can wring the nerves of their beings before they screw them to the sticking place. But we are very sure, that if Providence, and not Mr. Kenney, had formed Edgar, (the lover on this occasion,) he would, instead of making half the wry faces which Mr. De Camp is under the necessity of making, have knocked his sovereign's teeth down his throat, if he had not plunged a dagger in his breast. The Prince disguises himself, and forces his poor Captain into the masquerade for no other purpose than to try the affianced lovers. This is to be familiar, it is true; but it is very like a familiar of the Inquisition, whose appellation we never could comprehend, except as being more familiar than agreeable; the familiarity of racking is abhorrent. Mr. Terry executed the task with becoming rigour and gravity. His disguise was that of one Professor Hoffman; it astonished us that even the Cockney critics did not convert it into *Off-Man*. But while we laugh at this grand inconsistency, it is only justice to the author to say, that he has built a fair mansion on a sandy foundation. His characters are, in general, ably drawn; his language is good; his dialogue (after the prosiness of the first act) lively or elevated; and his exposition of patriotism happy. It is dangerous, too; and we were surprised, that when politics poison every corner, and especially theatres, he escaped with only the ordinary tumults of partial folly.

Of the performers, having already mentioned two incidentally, viz. De Camp for being obliged to distort himself a little, and Terry for a compulsory frown and sententious cruelty, we have only to add that Mr. Oxberry is a coarse, but comical cadet of German nobility; Mrs. Chatterly, a pretty heroine, with exceedingly captivating points; Mrs. Baker (we believe) a smart page, exhibiting obstreperous amorosness to Miss Corri, a dulcet waiting-woman, with some pleasing music; and several other Mistresses and Masters, whose names it does not behoove us to know, as silly baronesses, barons,

counts, &c. who oppose the court till a glimpse of royal favour converts them into sycophants. The short view of the piece, as it struck us, is, that the plot is without a sufficient cause, but that all the circumstances which hinge on this improbability are well contrived; that the situations are amusing, and not only the characters, but the whole of the super-structure, such as display great abilities in the author; at the same time that *Match-breaking* wants *fun* for the Haymarket, where one cannot afford to spend so much time in yawning, as at a winter theatre.

THE ENGLISH OPERA closed on Thursday. During the season, this theatre has constantly produced novelties, and often pieces, as well as performers, of much merit. It has deserved, and we trust, under the untoward circumstances of the dramatic times, obtained success.

Varieties.

Encroachment of the Sea on the East Coast of America.

On the east coast of America, the sea appears to encroach upon the land more and more from north to south. At Cape May, where the Delaware falls into the Atlantic ocean, a house is built, on the wall of which are inscribed the following important observations:—

	Distance of the sea from the house.
1804	334 feet.
1806	324
1807	294
1808	273
1809	267
1811	259
1812	254
1816	225
1817	214
1818	204
1819	188
1820	180

The inhabitants of the coast of Brazil say, that they have made similar observations, but we have no particulars of them. There is a building at Ilheos, which was formerly at a good distance from the sea shore, but is now scarcely a hundred steps from the breakers.

Persian Diploma.—The diploma of the Persian Order of the Lion and the Sun, which the celebrated Orientalist, M. Joseph de Hammer, lately received, conveys a curious example of the originality of Oriental style. The following is a literal translation:—"Very estimable, very honourable, eloquent in the art of oratory, penetrating, able interpreter of the language of the good Christian people who believe in Jesus, Councillor of the High Imperial Court of Germany, whose pen is well cut, and whose writing is a flourish, whose fingers are sharp, and whose tongue active, column of the most excellent, most venerated study of ten languages, Joseph Hammer!" &c.—*Daily Journals*.

Roman Catholic Chinese.—A letter from Genoa states, that four foreigners have landed in that city, who, by their figure and the singular mode of their dress, attract great numbers of curious people to gaze at them when they are walking in the streets. They are four Chinese of the country of San-Xi,

or Sci-Anxi, situated four days journey from Macao. They are from 17 to 22 years of age, and all four are Catholics. They are going to complete their religious education at the Chinese establishment in Naples, and will go by way of Rome, where they are to stop at the college of the Propaganda; they have been five months travelling, and come now from Lisbon. With the exception of a few Latin words, they speak nothing but Chinese, on which account it is difficult to learn from them the exact situation of their country or of the missions. When they are asked respecting this subject, their reply is, *Magistratus sunt contra religionem et Christianis veritati satis*.

Brussels, September.

THE workmen digging under the *Grande Place*, at Tournay, to make a new drain, found three or four feet deep a tomb stone, three feet one inch and a half long, and one foot nine inches and a half high, and about two feet thick. The inscription, which is very well preserved, is as follows:—

D. M.
MONIMENTVM
INSTITVTI SI
BIVIVS VLP
IVIVIVAR
CHI GALLUR.

At some distance were bones, supposed to have been part of the remains buried in the tomb, which was covered with this stone. This discovery, owing to chance, has renewed the regret of antiquarians at the discontinuation of the excavations made at the time when the last drains were constructed, and the result of which promised so much success. They are more than ever persuaded that if the collection of medals, vases, and fragments already dug up, were augmented by means of new researches, numerous remains would be obtained by which great light might be thrown on the history and geography of a country once inhabited by the Romans.

The remains of the great Corneille were deposited in the church of St. Roch, in Paris; but no monument or inscription had adorned his tomb, until the Duke of Orleans, at his own expense, lately placed in the aisle of the church a tablet of white veined marble, on the upper part of which is a medallion, representing, in bas relief, the head of the poet. Beneath the medallion, which is encased in the center of a crown of gilt bronze, strewed with stars, is the following inscription:—

PIERRE CORNEILLE,
Né à Rouen
Le 6 Juin, 1696,
Mort à Paris, rue d'Argenteuil,
Le 1er Octobre, 1684,
Est inhumé dans cette église.

Punning made Easy.—*Pun Musical.*—A person, as remarkable for his irregularity of conduct as for his musical talents, it was aptly remarked of, that the whole *tenor* of his conduct was *through base*.

Pun Bibliographical.—An author, not being rewarded so liberally as he expected by his patron, got impatient; whereupon, his friend, being athletic, kicked him. Being asked, soon after, if there was any thing new stirring, he replied, "Yes, he had that morning received a copy of *Foot's Works*."

Literary Notices.

MR. RYAN, whose Biographical History of Irish Worthies we reviewed last week, is, we learn, about to publish Eight Ballads, founded on the fictions of the ancient Irish; and, with the same commendable national feeling, is preparing a Catalogue of Works in all languages, which treat of the history, antiquities, and literature of Ireland.

It is announced, that M. de Chateaubriant is preparing for publication the complete works of his celebrated friend, the late M. de Fontanes. Among his inedited pieces, a life of Louis XI. and a course of literature are particularly mentioned.

Some inedited pieces of Voltaire have recently been published at Paris from original manuscripts. The letters from him to Thiriot, and to his niece, Mademoiselle De Fontaine, are said to furnish many curious anecdotes.

To Correspondents.

For the sake of giving variety to our Number this week, we have postponed "Wine and Walnuts," and a Chapter of the "Original Voyage in the South Seas."

Advertisements.

BOOKS PUBLISHED THIS DAY.

Mr. John Scott's Posthumous Works.

In 8vo. price 14s. boards.

SKETCHES OF MANNERS, SCENERY, &c. IN THE FRENCH PROVINCES, with an ESSAY ON FRENCH LITERATURE. By the late JOHN SCOTT, Esq. Author of the "Visit to Paris," &c.
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THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE. (New Series.) For October 1, price 2s. 6d. will contain A LETTER FROM LADY MORGAN TO THE REVIEWERS OF HER WORK ON ITALY; together with the following Original Papers:

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